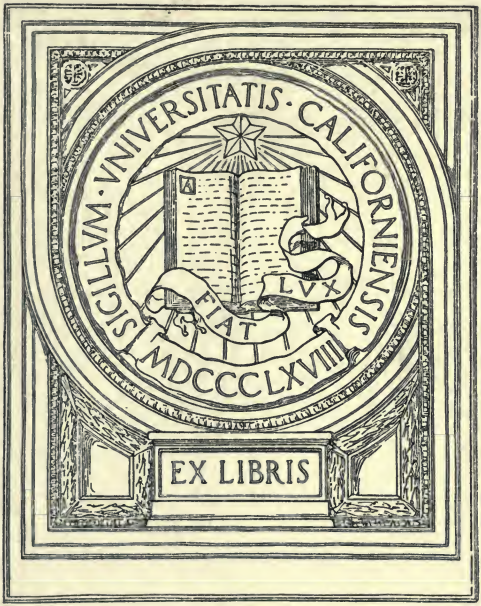
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THE

LITERARY

MISCELLANY:

or,

SELECTIONS & EXTRACTS,

classical and scientific;

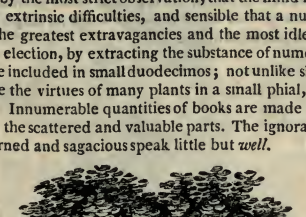
with

Originals,

in

PROSE AND VERSE.

Convinced, by the most strict observation, that the mind is embarrassed by a thousand extrinsic difficulties, and sensible that a numerous library is the seat of the greatest extravagancies and the most idle chimeras, we have made an election, by extracting the substance of numerous volumes, which we have included in small duodecimos; not unlike skilful chemists, who concentre the virtues of many plants in a small phial, and cast aside the refuse. Innumerable quantities of books are made; it is our business to collect the scattered and valuable parts. The ignorant babble eternally; the learned and sagacious speak little but *well.* *Mem. of* 2500.



in prose and verse,

by

CUMBERLAND, PHILIPS, | COWPER, PETER PINDAR,

&c. &c.

.....

Printed and sold by G. Nicholson Poughnill, near Ludlow.
Sold also, in London, by
H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-row; Champante & Whitrow, Aldgate
Lackington, Allen, & Co, Finsbury-square;
and all other Booksellers. 1804.

——I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs, that it adds something to this fragment of life. *Sterne.*

HUMOUROUS.

.....

THE HISTORY OF NICHOLAS PEDROSA,

by Richard Cumberland, esq.

AND OTHER PIECES.

Printed and sold by G. Nicholson, Poughnill, near Ludlow.
Sold also, in London, by
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The Vignette, in the title-page, was designed from the story of Nicolas Pedrosa, by Mr. W. M. Craig, and engraved on wood by Mr. R. Austin, jun. The piece at the end was executed by the same artists.

NICOLAS PEDROSA.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

Nicolas Pedrosa, a busy little being, who followed the trades of shaver, surgeon, and man-midwife, in the town of Madrid, mounted his mule at the door of his shop in the Plazuela de los Affligidos, and pushed through the gate of San Bernardino, being called to a patient in the neighbouring village of Foncarral on a pressing occasion. Every body knows that the ladies in Spain, in certain cases, do not give long warning to practitioners of a certain description, and no body knew it better than Nicolas, who was resolved not to lose an inch of his way, nor of his mule's best speed by the way, if cudgelling could beat it out of her. It was plain to Nicolas's conviction as plain could be, that his road laid strait forward to the little convent in front; the mule was of opinion, that the turning on the left down the hill towards the Prado was the road of all roads most familiar and agreeable to herself, and accordingly began to dispute the point of topography with Nicolas by fixing her fore feet resolutely in the ground, dipping her head at the same time between them, and launching heels and crupper furiously into the air, in the way of argument. Little Pedrosa, who was armed at heel with one massy silver spur, of stout, tho' ancient, workmanship, resolutely applied the rusty rowel to the shoulder of his beast, and at the same time, adroitly tucking his blue cloth capa under his right arm, and flinging the skirt over the left shoulder *en cavalier*, began to lay about him with a

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stout ashen sapling, upon the ears, pole, and cheeks of the recreant mule. The fire now flashed from a pair of Andalusian eyes, as black as charcoal, and not less inflammable, and taking the segara from his mouth, with which he had vainly hoped to have regaled his nostrils in a sharp winter's evening by the way, raised such a thundering troop of angels, saints, and martyrs, from St. Michael downwards, not forgetting his own namesake Saint Nicolas de Tolentino by the way, that if curses could have made the mule to go, the dispute would have been soon ended, but not a saint could make her stir any other ways than upwards and downwards at a stand. A small troop of mendicant friars were at this moment conducting the host to a dying man.—'Nicolas Pedrosa,' said an old friar, 'be patient with your beast and spare your blasphemies; remember Balaam.'—'Ah father,' replied Pedrosa, 'Balaam cudgelled his beast till she spoke, so will I mine till she roars.'—'Fie, fie, prophane fellow!' cried another of the fraternity.' 'Go about your work, friend,' quoth Nicolas, 'and let me go about mine; I warrant it is the more pressing of the two; your patient is going out of the world, mine is coming into it.' 'Hear him,' cried a third, 'hear the vile wretch, how he blasphemes the body of God!' And then the troop passed slowly on to the tinkling of the bell. A man must know nothing of a mule's ears, who does not know what a passion they have for the tinkling of a bell, and no sooner had the jingling chords vibrated in the sympathetic organs of Pedrosa's beast, then bolting forward with a sudden spring, she ran roaring into the throng of friars, trampling on some and shouldering others at a most prophane rate; when Nicolas avail-

ing himself of the impetus, and perhaps not able to controul it, broke away, and was out of sight in a moment. 'All the devils in hell blow fire into thy tail, thou beast of Babylon,' muttered Nicolas to himself, as he scampered along, never once looking behind him, or stopping to apologize for the mischief he had done to the bare feet and shirtless ribs of the holy brotherhood. Whether Nicolas saved his distance, as likewise, if he did, whether it was a male or female Castalian he ushered into the world, we shall not just now enquire, contented to await his return in the first of the morning next day, when he had no sooner dismounted at his shop, and delivered his mule to a sturdy Arragonese wench, when Don Ignacia de Sontos Aparicio, alguazil mayor of the supreme and general inquisition, put an order into his hand, signed and sealed by the inquisidor general, for the conveyance of his body to the Casa, whose formidable door presents itself in the street adjoining to the square, in which Nicolas's brazen basin hung forth the emblem of his trade.

The poor little fellow, trembling in every joint, and with a face as yellow as saffron, dropt a knee to the altar, which fronts the entrance, and crossed himself most devoutly; as soon as he had ascended the first flight of stairs, a porter habited in black opened the tremendous barracade, and Nicolas with horror heard the grating of the heavy bolts which shut him in. He was led through passages and vaults and melancholy cells, till he was delivered into the dungeon, where he was finally left to his solitary meditations. Hapless being! what a scene of horror.—Nicolas felt all the terrors of his condition, but being an Andalusian, and like his countrymen, of a lively imagination, he

began to turn over all the resources of his invention for some happy fetch, if any such might occur, for helping him out of the dimal limbo he was in: he had not long to seek for the cause of his misfortune; his adventure with the barefooted friars was a ready solution of all difficulties of that nature, had there been any: there was however another thing, which might have troubled a stouter heart than Nicolas's—he was a Jew.—This of a certain would have been a straggering item in a poor devil's confession, but then it was a secret to all the world but to Nicolas, and Nicolas's conscience did not just then urge him to reveal it: he then began to overhaul the inventory of his personals about him, and with some satisfaction counted three little medals of the blessed virgin, two Agnus Deis, a Saint Nicolas de Tolentino, and a formidable string of beads all pendent from his neck and within his shirt; in his pockets he had a paper of dried figs, a small bundle of segaras, a case of lancets, squirt and forceps, and two old razors in a leathern envelope; these he had delivered one by one to the alguazil, who first arrested him,—'and let him make the most of them,' said he to himself, 'they can never prove me an Israelite by a case of razors.' On a closer rummage, however, he discovered in a secret pocket a letter, which the alguazil had overlooked, and which his patient Donna Leonora de Casafonda had given him in charge to deliver as directed.—'Well, well,' cried he, 'let it pass; there can be no mystery in this harmless scrawl; a letter of advice to some friend or relation, I'll not break the seal; let the fathers read it if they like, 't will prove the truth of my deposition, and help out my excuse for the hurry of my errand, and the unfortu-

nate adventure of my damned refractory mule.'—And now no sooner had the recollection of the wayward mule crossed the brain of poor Nicolas Pedrosa, than he began to blast her at a furious rate—'The scratches and the scab to boot confound thy scurvy hide,' quoth he, 'thou ass-begotten bastard, whom Noah never let into his ark! The vengeance take thee, for an uncreated barren beast of promiscuous generation! What devil's crotchet got into thy capricious noddle, that thou shouldst fall in love with that Nazaritish bell, and run bellowing like Lucifer into the midst of those barefooted vermin, who are more malicious and more greedy than the locusts of Egypt? Oh! that I had the art of Simon Magus to conjure thee into this dungeon in my stead; but I warrant thou art chewing thy barley straw without any pity for thy wretched master, whom thy jade's tricks have delivered bodily to the tormentors, to be the sport of these uncircumcised sons of Dagon.' And now the cell door opened, when a savage figure entered, carrying a huge parcel of clanking fetters, with a collar of iron, which he put round the neck of poor Pedrosa, telling him with a truly diabolic grin, whilst he was revetting it on, that it was a proper cravat for the throat of a blasphemer.

'Jesu-Maria,' quoth Pedrosa, 'is all this fallen upon me for only cudgelling a restive mule?' 'Aye,' cried the demon, 'and this is only a taste of what is to come,' at the same time slipping his pincers from the screw he was forcing to the head, he caught a piece of flesh in the forceps and wrenched it out of his cheek, laughing at poor Nicolas, whilst he roared aloud with the pain, telling him it was a just reward for the torture he had put him to a while ago, when

he tugged at a tooth till he broke it in his jaw. Ah, for the love of Heaven,' cried Pedrosa, 'have more pity on me; for the sake of Saint Nicolas de Tolentino, my holy patron, be not so unmerciful to a poor barber-surgeon and I will shave your worship's beard for nothing as long as I have life.' One of the messengers of the auditory now came in, and bade the fellow strike off the prisoner's fetters, for that the holy fathers were in council and demanded him for examination. 'This is something extraordinary,' quoth the tormentor, 'I should not have expected it this twelvemonth to come.' Pedrosa's fetters were struck off; some brandy was applied to staunch the bleeding of his cheek; his hands and face were washed, and a short jacket of coarse ticking thrown over him, and the messenger, with an assistant, taking him each under an arm, led him into a spacious chamber, where at the head of a long table sate his excellency the inquisidor general, with six of his assessors, three on each side the chair of state: the alguazil mayor, a secretary, and two notaries, with other officers of the holy council were attending in their places. The prisoner was placed behind a bar at the foot of the table between the messengers who brought him in, and having made his obeisance to the awful presence in the most supplicating manner, he was called on according to the usual form of questions by one of the junior judges, to declare his name, parentage, profession, age, place of abode, and to answer various interrogatories of the like trifling nature: his excellency the inquisidor general now opened his reverend lips, and in a solemn tone of voice, which penetrated to the heart of the poor trembling prisoner, interrogated him as fol-

lows.— ‘Nicolas Pedrosa, we have listened to the account you give of yourself, your business, and connections, now tell us for what offence or offences you are here standing a prisoner before us; examine your own heart, and speak the truth from your conscience without prevarication or disguise.’

‘May it please your excellency,’ replied Pedrosa, ‘with all due submission to your holiness and this reverend assembly, my most equitable judges, I conceive I stand here before you for no worse a crime, than that of cudgelling a refractory mule; an animal so restive in it’s nature (under correction of your holiness be it spoken), that altho’ I were blest with the forbearance of holy Job (for like him too I am married, and my patience hath been exercised by a wife), yet could I not forbear to smite my beast for her obstinacy, and the rather because I was summoned in the way of my profession, as I have already made known to your most merciful ears, on a certain crying occasion, which would not admit of a moment’s delay.’ ‘Recollect yourself, Nicolas,’ said his excellency the inquisidor general, ‘was there nothing else you did, save smiting your beast?’

‘I take Saint Nicolas de Tolentino to witness,’ replied he, ‘that I know of no other crime, for which I can be responsible at this righteous tribunal, save smiting my unruly beast,’ ‘Take notice, brethren,’ exclaimed the inquisidor, ‘this unholy wretch holds trampling over friars to be no crime.’ ‘Pardon me, holy father,’ replied Nicolas, ‘I hold it for the worst of crimes, and therefore willingly surrender my refractory mule to be dealt with as you see fit, and if you impale her alive it will not be more than she deserves.’ ‘Your wits are too nim-

ble, Nicolas,' cried the judge; 'have a care they do not run away with your discretion: recollect the blasphemies you uttered in the hearing of those pious people.' 'I humbly pray your excellency,' answered the prisoner, 'to recollect that anger is a short madness, and I hope allowances will be made by your holy council for words spoken in haste to a rebellious mule: the prophet Balaam was thrown off his guard with a simple ass, and what is an ass compared to a mule? If your excellency had seen the lovely creature who was screaming in agony till I came to her relief, and how fine a boy I ushered into the world, which would have been lost but for my assistance, I am sure I should not be condemned for a few hasty words spoken in passion.'

'Sirrah!' cried one of the puisny judges, 'respect the decency of the court.' 'Produce the contents of this fellow's pockets before the court,' said the president, 'lay them on the table.' 'Monster,' resumed the aforesaid puisny judge, taking up the forceps, what is the use of this diabolical machine?'

'Please your reverence, replied Pedrosa, "aptum est ad extrahendos fœtus."—'Unnatural wretch,' again exclaimed the judge, 'you have murdered the mother.' 'The mother of God forbid!' exclaimed Pedrosa, 'I believe I have a proof in my pocket which will acquit me of that charge;' and so saying, he tendered the letter we have before made mention of: the secretary took it, and by command of the court read as follows.

Senor Don Manuel de Herrera,

When this letter, which I send by Nicolas Pedrosa, shall reach your hands, you will know that I am safely delivered of a lovely boy, after a dangerous labour,

in consideration of which I pray you to pay to the said Nicolas Pedrosa the sum of twenty gold pistoles, which sum his excellency ———

'Hold,' cried the inquisidor general, starting hastily from his seat, and snatching away the letter, 'there is more in this than meets the eye: break up the court; I must take an examination of this prisoner in private.' As soon as the room was cleared the inquisidor general beckoning to the prisoner to follow him, retired into a private closet, where, throwing himself carelessly into an arm-chair, he turned a gracious countenance upon the poor affrighted accoucheur, and bidding him sit down upon a low stool by his side, thus accosted him—'Take heart, senor Pedrosa, your imprisonment is not likely to be very tedious, for I have a commission you must execute without loss of time: you have too much consideration for yourself to betray a trust, the violation of which must involve you in inevitable ruin, and can in no degree attaint my character, which is far enough beyond the reach of malice: be attentive therefore, to my orders; execute them punctually, and keep my secret as you tender your own life: dost thou know the name and condition of the lady whom thou hast delivered?' Nicolas assured him he did not, and his excellency proceeded as follows.—'Then I tell thee, Nicolas, it is the illustrious Donna Leonora de Casafonda; her husband is the president of Quito, and daily expected with the next arrivals from the South Seas; now, tho' measures have been taken for detaining him at the port, wherever he shall land, till he shall receive further orders, yet you must be sensible Donna Leonora's situation is somewhat delicate: it will be your

business to take the speediest measures for her recovery, but as it seems she has had a dangerous and painful labour, this may be a work of more time than could be wished, unless some medicines more efficacious than common be administered; art thou acquainted with any such, friend Nicolas?'—'So please your excellency,' quoth Nicolas, 'my processes have been tolerably successful; I have bandages and cataplasms, with oils and conserves, which I have no cause to complain of; they will restore nature to it's proper state in all decent time.'—'Thou talkest like a fool, friend Nicolas,' interrupting him, said the inquisidor; 'what tellest thou me of thy swathings and swadlings? quick work must be wrought by quick medicines: hast thou none such in thy botica? I 'll answer for it thou hast not; therefore, look you, sirrah, here is a little vial compounded by a famous chymist; see that you mix it in the next apozem you administer to Donna Leonora; it is the most capital sedative in nature; give her the whole of it, and let her husband return when he will, depend upon it he will make no discoveries from her.'—'Humph!' quoth Nicolas within himself, 'well said inquisidor!' He took the vial with all possible respect, and was not wanting in professions of the most inviolable fidelity and secrecy.—'No more words, friend Nicolas,' quoth the inquisidor, 'upon that score; I do not believe thee one jot the more for all thy promises, my dependence is upon thy fears and not thy faith; I fancy thou hast seen enough of this place not to be willing to return to it once for all.' Having so said, he rang a bell, and ordered Nicolas to be forthwith liberated, bidding the messenger return his clothes instantly to him

with all which belonged to him, and having slipt a purse into his hand well filled with doubloons, he bade him begone about his business, and not see his face again till he had executed his commands.

Nicolas bolted out of the porch without taking leave of the altar, and never checked his speed till he found himself fairly housed under shelter of his own beloved brass basin.—'Aha!' quoth Nicolas, 'my lord inquisidor, I see the king is not likely to gain a subject more by your intrigues: a pretty job you have set me about; and so, when I have put the poor lady to rest with your damned sedative, my tongue must be stopt next to prevent it's blabbing: but I'll shew you I was not born in Andalusia for nothing.' Nicolas now opened a secret drawer, and took out a few pieces of money, which in fact was his whole stock of cash in the world; he loaded and primed his pistols, and carefully lodged them in the housers of his saddle, he buckled to his side his trusty spada, and hastened to caparison his mule. 'Ah, thou imp of the old one,' quoth he, as he entered the stable, art not ashamed to look me in the face? But, come, hussey, thou owest me a good turn, methinks, stand by me this once, and be friends for ever! thou art in good case, and if thou wilt put thy best foot foremost, like a faithful beast, thou shalt not want for barley by the way.' The bargain was soon struck between Nicolas and his mule, he mounted her in the happy moment, and pointing his course towards the bridge of Toledo, which proudly strides with half a dozen lofty arches over a stream scarcely three feet wide, he found himself as completely in a desert in half a mile's riding, as if he had been dropt in the centre of Arabia Petræa. As Nicolas's journey was not

a tour of curiosity, he did not amuse himself with a peep at Toledo, or Talavera, or even Merida by the way; for the same reason he took a circumbendibus round the frontier town of Badajos, and crossing a little brook, refreshed his mule with the last draught of Spanish water, and instantly congratulated himself on entering the territory of Portugal. 'Bravo!' quoth he, patting the neck of his mule, 'thou shalt have a supper this night of the best sieve meat which Estramadura can furnish: we are now in a country where the scattered flock of Israel fold thick and fare well.' He now began to chaunt the song of Solomon, and gently ambled on in the joy of his heart. When Nicolas at length reached the city of Lisbon, he hugged himself in his good fortune; still he recollected that the inquisition has long arms, and he was yet in a place of no perfect security. Our adventurer had in early life acted as assistant surgeon in a Spanish frigate bound to Buneos Ayres, and being captured by a British man of war and carried into Jamaica, had very quietly passed some years in that place as journeyman apothecary, in which time he had acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the English language: no sooner then did he discover the British ensign flying on the poop of an English frigate, then lying in the Tagus, than he eagerly caught the opportunity of paying a visit to the surgeon, and finding he was in want of a mate, offered himself, and was entered in that capacity for a cruise against the French and Spaniards, with whom Great Britain was then at war. In this secure asylum Nicolas enjoyed the first happy moments he had experienced for a long time past, and being a lively good humoured little fellow, and one who

touched the guitar and sung sequidillas with a tolerable grace, he soon recommended himself to his shipmates, and grew in favour with every body on board from the captain to the cook's mate. When they were out upon their cruise, hovering on the Spanish coast, it occurred to Nicolas that the inquisidor general at Madrid had told him of the expected arrival of the president of Quito, and having imparted this to one of the lieutenants, he reported it to the captain, and, as the intelligence seemed of importance, he availed himself of it by hawling into the tract of the homeward-bound galleons, and great was the joy, when at the break of the morning the man at the mast head announced a square-rigged vessel in view: the ardour of a chase now set all hands at work, and a few hours brought them near enough to discern that she was a Spanish frigate, and seemingly from a long voyage: little Pedrosa, as alert as the rest, stript himself for his work, and repaired to his post in the cock-pit, whilst the thunder of the guns rolled incessantly overhead; three cheers from the whole crew at length announced the moment of victory, and a few more minutes ascertained the good news that the prize was a frigate richly laden from the South Seas, with the governor of Quito and his suit on board. Pedrosa was now called upon deck, and sent on board the prize as interpreter to the first lieutenant, who was to take possession of her. He found every thing in confusion, a deck covered with the slain, and the whole crew in consternation at an event they were in no degree prepared for, not having received any intimation of a war. He found the officers in general, and the passengers without exception, under the

most horrid impressions of the English, and expecting to be plundered, and perhaps butchered without mercy. Don Manuel de Casafonda, the governor, whose countenance bespoke a constitution far gone in a decline, had thrown himself on a sofa in the last state of despair, and given way to an effusion of tears; when the lieutenant entered the cabin, he rose trembling from his couch, and with the most supplicating action presented to him his sword, and with it a casket which he carried in his other hand; as he tendered these spoils to his conqueror, whether through weakness or of his own will, he made a motion of bending his knee; the generous Briton, shocked at the unmanly overture, caught him suddenly with both hands, and turning to Pedrosa, said aloud—'Convince this gentleman he has fallen into the hands of an honourable enemy.'—'Is it possible!' cried Don Manuel, and lifting up his streaming eyes to the countenance of the British officer, saw humanity, valour, and generous pity so strongly charactered in his youthful features, that the conviction was irresistible. 'Will he not accept my sword?' cried the Spaniard. 'He desires you to wear it till he has the honour of presenting you to his captain.'—'Ah then he has a captain!' exclaimed Don Manuel, 'his superior will be of another way of thinking; tell him this casket contains my jewels; they are valuable; let him present them as a lawful prize, which will enrich the captor; his superior will not hesitate to take them from me.'—'If they be your exellency's private property,' replied Pedrosa, 'I am ordered to assure you, 'that if your ship were loaded with jewels, no British officer in the service of his king will take them at your hands; the ship and effects

of his Catholic Majesty are the only prize of the captors; the personals of the passengers are inviolate.' —'Generous nation!' exclaimed Don Manuel, 'how greatly have I wronged thee!'—The boats of the British frigate now came alongside, and part of the crew were shifted out of the prize, taking their clothes and trunks along with them, in which they were very cordially assisted by their conquerors. The barge soon after came aboard with an officer in the stern sheets, and the crew in their white shirts and velvet caps, to escort the governor and the ship's captain on board the frigate, which lay with her sails to the mast awaiting their arrival; the accommodation ladder was slung over the side, and manned for the prisoners, who were received on the gang-way by the second lieutenant, whilst perfect silence and the strictest discipline reigned in the ship, where all were under the decks, and no inquisitive curious eyes were suffered to wound the feelings of the conquered even with a glance; in the door of his cabin stood the captain, who received them with that modest complaisance, which does not revolt the unfortunate by an overstrained politeness; he was a man of high birth and elegant manners, with a heart as benevolent as it was brave; such an address, set off with a person finely formed and perfectly engaging, could not fail to impress the prisoners with the most favourable ideas, and as Don Manuel spoke French fluently, he could converse with the British captain without the help of an interpreter: as he expressed an impatient desire of being admitted to his parole, that he might revisit his friends and connections, from whom he had been long separated, he was overjoyed to hear that the English, ship would carry her prize

nto Lisbon; and that he would there be set on shore and permitted to make the best of his way from thence to Madrid; he talked of his wife with all the ardor of the most impassioned lover, and apologized for his tears by imputing them to the agony of his mind and the infirmity of his health under the dread of being longer separated from an object so dear to his heart, and on whom he doated with the fondest affection. The generous captor indulged him in these conversations, and being a husband himself, knew how to allow for all the tenderness of his sensations. 'Ah sir,' cried Don Manuel, 'would to heaven it were in my power to have the honour of presenting my beloved Leonora to you on our landing at Lisbon—' Perhaps,' added he, turning to Pedrosa, who at that moment entered the cabin, 'this gentleman, whom I take to be a Spaniard, may have heard the name of Donna Leonora de Casafonda; if he has been at Madrid, it is possible he may have seen her; should that be the case, he can testify to her external charms; I alone can witness to the exquisite perfection of her mind.'—'Senor Don Manuel,' replied Pedrosa, 'I have seen Donna Leonora, and your excellency is warranted in all you can say in her praise; she is of incomparable beauty.' These words threw the uxorious Spaniard into raptures; his eyes sparkled with delight; the blood rushed into his emaciated cheeks, and every feature glowed with unutterable joy: he pressed Pedrosa with a variety of rapid enquiries, all which he evaded by pleading ignorance, saying that he had only had a casual glance of her as she passed along the Pardo. The embarrassment, however, which accompanied these answers, did not escape the English

captain, who shortly after drawing Pedrosa aside into the surgeon's cabin, was by him made acquainted with the melancholy situation of that unfortunate lady, and every particular of the story as before related; nay, the very vial was produced, with it's contents, as put into the hands of Pedrosa by the inquisidor. 'Can there be such villany in man!' cried the British captain, when Pedrosa had concluded his detail; 'alas! my heart bleeds for this unhappy husband: assuredly that monster has destroyed Leonora; as for thee, Pedrosa, whilst the British flag flies over thy head, neither Spain nor Portugal, nor inquisidors, nor devils, shall annoy thee under it's protection; but if thou ever venturest over the side of this ship, and rashly settest one foot upon catholic soil, when we arrive at Lisbon, thou art a lost man.'—'I were worse than a madman,' replied Nicolas, should I attempt it.'—'Keep close in this assylum,' then resumed the captain, 'and fear nothing: had it been our fate to have been captured by the Spaniard, what would have become of thee?'—'In the worst of extremities,' repiled Nicolas, 'I should have applied to the inquisidor's vial; but I confess I had no fears of that sort; a ship so commanded and so manned, is in little danger of being carried into a Spanish port.'—'I hope not,' said the captain, 'and I promise thee thou shalt take thy chance in her, so long as she is afloat under my command, and if we live to conduct her to England, thou shalt have thy proper share of prize-money, which, if the galleon breaks up according to her entries, will be something towards enabling thee to shift, and if thou art as diligent in thy duty, as I am persuaded thou wilt be, whilst I live thou shalt never want a seaman's

friend.'—At these cheering words, little Nicolas threw himself at the feet of his generous preserver, and with streaming eyes poured out his thanks from a heart animated with joy and gratitude.—The captain raising him by the hand, forbade him, as he prized his friendship, ever to address him in that posture any more; thank me, if you will, added he, 'but thank me as one man should another; let no knees bend in this ship but to the name of God.'—'But now,' continued he, 'let us turn our thoughts to the situation of our unhappy Casafonda; we are now drawing near to Lisbon, where he will look to be liberated on his parole.'—'By no means let him venture into Spain,' said Pedrosa; 'I am well assured there are orders to arrest him in every port or frontier town, where he may present himself.'—'I can well believe it,' replied the captain; 'his piteous case will require further deliberation; in the mean time let nothing transpire on your part, and keep yourself out of his sight as carefully as you can.'—This said, the captain left the cabin, and both parties repaired to their several occupations. As soon as the frigate and her prize cast anchor in the Tagus, Don Manuel de Casafonda impatiently reminded our captain of his promised parole. The painful moment was now come, when an explanation of some sort became unavoidable: the generous Englishman, with a countenance expressive of the tenderest pity, took the Spaniard's hand in his, and seating him on a couch beside him, ordered the centinel to keep the cabin private, and delivered himself as follows—

'Senor Don Manuel, I must now impart to you an anxiety which I labour under on your account; I have strong reason to suspect you have enemies in

your own country, who are upon the watch to arrest you on your landing; when I have told you this, I expect you will repose such trust in my honour and the sincerity of my regard for you, as not to demand a further explanation of the particulars on which my intelligence is founded.'—'Heaven and earth!' cried the astonished Spaniard, who can be those enemies I have to fear, and what can I have done to deserve them?'—So far I will open myself to you, answered the captain, as to point out the principal to you, the inquisidor general.'—'The best friend I have in Spain,' exclaimed the governor, 'my sworn protector, the patron of my fortune: he my enemy! impossible.'—'Well, sir,' replied the captain, 'if my advice do not meet belief, I must so far exert my authority for your sake, as to make this ship your prison, till I have waited on our minister at Lisbon, and made the enquiries necessary for your safety; suspend your judgment on the seeming harshness of this measure till I return to you again;' and at the same time rising from his seat, he gave orders for the barge, and leaving strict injunctions with the first lieutenant not to allow of the governor's quitting the frigate, he put off for the shore, and left the melancholy Spaniard buried in profound and silent meditation. The emissaries of the inquisition having at last traced Pedrosa to Lisbon, and there gained intelligence of his having entered on board the frigate, our captain had no sooner turned into the porch of the hotel at Buenos-Ayres, than he was accosted by a messenger of state, with a requisition from the prime minister's office, for the surrender of one Nicolas Pedrosa, a subject of Spain and a criminal, who had escaped out of the prison of the Inqui-

sition in Madrid, where he stood charged of high crimes and misdemeanors.—As soon as this requisition was explained to our worthy captain, without condescending to a word in reply he called for pen and ink, and writing a short order to the officer commanding on board, instantly dispatched the midshipman, who attended him, to the barge, with directions to make the best of his way back to the frigate and deliver it to the lieutenant; then turning to the messenger, he said to him, in a resolute tone—'That Spaniard is now borne on my books, and before you shall take him out of the service of my king, you must sink his ship.'—Not waiting for a reply, he immediately proceeded, without stop, to the house of the British Minister, at the further end of the city: here he found Pedrosa's intelligence, with regard to the Governor of Quito, expressly verified, for the order had come down even to Lisbon on the chance of the Spanish frigate's taking shelter in that port: to this minister he related the horrid tale which Pedrosa had delivered to him, and with his concurrence it was determined to forward letters into Spain, which Don Manuel should be advised to write to his lady and friends at Madrid, and to wait their answer before any further discoveries were imparted to him respecting the blacker circumstances of the case: in the mean time it was resolved to keep the prisoner safe in his assylum. The generous captain lost no time in returning to his frigate, where he immediately imparted to Don Manuel the intelligence he had obtained at the British Minister's.—'This, indeed,' cried the afflicted Spaniard, 'is a stroke I was in no respect prepared for; I had fondly persuaded myself there was not in the whole em-

pire of Spain a more friendly heart than that of the Inquisidor's; to my beloved Leonora he had ever shewn the tenderness of a paternal affection from her very childhood; by him our hands were joined; his lips pronounced the nuptial benediction, and through his favour I was promoted to my government: grant, Heaven, no misfortune hath befallen my Leonora! surely she cannot have offended him and forfeited his favour.'—'As I know him not,' replied the captain, I can form no judgment of his motives; but this I know, that if a man's heart be capable of cruelty, the fittest school to learn it in must be the inquisition.' The proposal was now suggested of sending letters into Spain, and the governor retired to his desk for the purpose of writing them; in the afternoon of the same day the minister paid a visit to the captain, and receiving a packet from the hands of Don Manuel, promised to get it forwarded by a safe conveyance according to direction.

In due course of time this fatal letter from Leonora opened all the horrible transaction to the wretched husband:—

The guilty hand of an expiring wife, under the agonizing operation of a mortal poison, traces these few trembling lines to an injured wretched husband. If thou hast any pity for my parting spirit, fly the ruin which awaits thee, and avoid this scene of villany and horror. When I tell thee I have borne a child to the monster, whose poison runs in my veins, thou wilt abhor thy faithless Leonora; had I strength to relate to thee the subtile machinations, which betrayed me to disgrace, thou woulst pity, and, perhaps, forgive me. Oh agony! can I write his name?—the Inquisidor is my murderer.—My pen falls from my hand.—Farewel for ever!

Had a shot passed through the heart of Don Manuel, it could not more effectually have stopt it's motions than the perusal of this fatal writing: he dropped lifeless on the couch, and but for the care and assistance of the captain and Pedrosa, in that posture he had probably expired. Grief like his will not be described by words, for to words it gave no utterance; 't was suffocating silent woe. Let us drop the curtain over this melancholy pause in our narration, and attend on the mournful widower now landing upon English ground, and conveyed by his humane and generous preserver, to the house of a noble earl, the father of our amiable captain, and a man by his virtues still more conspicuous than by his rank. Here amidst the gentle solicitudes of a benevolent family in one of the most enchanting spots on earth, in a climate most salubrious and restorative to a constitution exhausted by heat, and a heart nearly broken with sorrow, the reviving spirits of the unfortunate Don Manuel gave the first symptoms of a possible recovery. At the period of a few tranquilizing weeks here passed in the bosom of humanity, letters came to hand from the British minister at Lisbon, in answer to a memorial, which I should have stated to have been drawn up by the friendly captain before his departure from that port, with a detail of facts deposed and sworn to by Nicholas Pedrosa, which memorial, with the documents attached to it, was forwarded to the Spanish court by special express from the Portuguese premier. By these letters it appeared that the high dignity of the person impeached by this statement of facts had not been sufficient to screen him from a very serious and complete investigation; in the course of which facts had been so

clearly brought home to him by the confession of his several agents, and the testimony of the deceased Leonora's attendants, together with her own written declarations, whilst the poison was in operation, that tho' no public sentence had been executed upon the criminal, it was generally understood he was either no longer in existence, or in a situation never to be heard of any more, till roused by the awakening trump he shall be summoned to his tremendous last account. As for the unhappy widower it was fully signified to him from authority, that his return to Spain, whether on exchange or parole, would be no longer opposed, nor had he any thing to apprehend on the part of government, when he should there arrive. The same was signified in fewer words to the exculpated Pedrosa. Whether Don Manuel de Casafonda will in time to come avail himself of these overtures time alone can prove: as for little Nicolas, whose prize money has set him up in a comfortable little shop in Duke's-place, where he breathes the veins and cleanses the bowels of his Israelitish brethren in a land of freedom and toleration, his merry heart is at rest, save only when with fire in his eyes and vengeance on his tongue, he anathematizes the Inquisition, and struts into the synagogue every sabbath with as bold a step and as erect a look, as if he was himself High Priest of the Temple, going to perform sacrifice on the re-assembling of the scattered tribes.

The "Observer."

THE SEA OFFICER.

A sea-officer was prevailed on, *for once*, to accompany a friend to a certain assembly of modern fanatics. When he arrived, the first thing which struck the son of Neptune, was the PRAYER; in which the noisy orator, with foaming vociferation, and the countenance of a fury, set forth himself and his congregation as the vilest of sinners; and that in such opprobrious terms, as induced the honest tar (convinced by the earnest manner of the preacher, that all he said was literally *true*) to whisper to his companion. "Jack!' d'ye hear what d——d scoundrels we are got among?—Come, let's get off, before the roof comes down upon their heads, and sends the whole crew to the devil."

DR. BROWN'S TOAST.

The late celebrated Dr. Brown paid his addresses to a lady for many years, but unsuccessfully; during which time he had always accustomed himself to propose her health, whenever he was called upon for a lady. But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman reminded him, that he had forgotten to toast his favourite lady. "Why indeed," said the doctor, "I find it all in vain; I have toasted her so many years and cannot make her *Brown*, that I am determined to toast her no longer."

THE ADVENTURES OF A BASHFUL MAN,

AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

I labour under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society, in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties. My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education.—I was sent to a country grammar school, and from thence to the university, with a view of being qualified for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, all my blood rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing, made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected, that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two

unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies. This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those, whose education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of *that* which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag would make a nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died leaving me heir to all his property. And now behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the *wealthy learned clown*. I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly

think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families (especially by those who have marriageable daughters): from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and tho' I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow. However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and, three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly-Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and tho' I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are

all the hopes of *theory*, when unsupported by habitual *practice*. As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw; at my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to lady Friendly, but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the Nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in *me* is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men *can* judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led, by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to exam-

ine what it could be: Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgwood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me, there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop it's progress with my cambrick handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed

stewing in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes which stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-seller: rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelm'd me quite." I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Lousia Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon which stood near me; in my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flea'd and blistered; totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my

nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I, crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt would have excited. Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like "a goblin damn'd." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned.

"Variety," a Collection of Essays.

DEAN SWIFT AND HIS SERVANT TOM.

Dean Swift being once on a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, were they lodged all night; in the morning, the Dean, calling for his boots, the servant took them to him uncleaned. "How is this, Tom?" said he, "my boots are not cleaned." "No, sir," said Tom, "as you were going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again. "Very well," returned the Dean, "go and get the horses ready." In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord not to let Tom have any breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready, on being told they were, desired Tom to bring them. "I have not yet had my breakfast, sir," said Tom. "No matter," said the Dean, looking at his dirty boots, "if you had, you would soon be hungry again." The Dean and Tom, therefore, set out; and as they rode, the Dean took out a book and began to read. A gentleman met them, and observing the Dean was reading, asked Tom were his master was going. "We are going to heaven," said Tom. "How so?" replied the gentleman. "Master is praying, and I am fasting, so we certainly are in the right road."

A FRENCHMAN'S BLUNDER.

A Frenchman having frequently heard the word *press* made use of to imply *persuade*, as, "press that gentleman to take some refreshment," "press him to stay to-night;" thought he would display his talents by using, what he imagined, a synonimous term; and therefore made no scruple one evening to cry out in company, "Pray *squeeze* that lady to sing."

THE MORNING PRAYER

of an old Pedlar in a barn.

Copied nearly verbatim from the simple, but sincere, effusions of a poor ignorant man, in the situation here represented.

Thank God, I have slept soundly to-night; and tho' this morning I am poor, yet I am well. Thank God, my ass is well also, and has eaten a good lock of hay, and her crust of bread, and drank half a pail of water. God bless us both to-day, and give me strength to walk on foot, that I may not have to get up, and ride upon the poor beast, who has baggage enough already! God Almighty send that folks may want to buy my wares, and somebody may take a liking to my ballads, and that those who can afford it, may give me some victuals and drink. And God Almighty lead us through green lanes, that my poor ass may light on good croppings without running into fields, after folks' grass and corn! Poor thing! may she not tumble down and hurt herself, and

break my wares! And God Almighty incline some good body to give us a night's lodging, and that I may have a dry barn, and some barley straw, an't please God. But I wo' n't mistrust God Almighty's care, for he never let me want in my life-time, and so his great and holy name be praised, now and for ever! Amen!

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HUMOUROUS.

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A SERMON ON THE WORD MALT;
PARISH JOBBING;
THE CARDS SPIRITUALIZED;
&c. &c.

Printed and sold by G. Nicholson, Poughnill, near Ludlow.
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A SERMON ON THE WORD MALT.

Preached by the Rev. Mr. Dodd, in a hollow Tree.

The Rev. Mr. Dodd, a very worthy minister, who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the cantabs by frequently preaching against drunkenness; several of whom, meeting him on a journey, determined to make him preach in a hollow tree, which was near the road side. Accordingly, addressing him with great apparent politeness, they asked him if he had not lately preached much against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they insisted that he should now preach from a text of their chusing. In vain did he remonstrate on the unreasonableness of expecting him to give them a discourse without study, and in such a place; they were determined to take no denial, and the word MALT was given to him by way of text; on which he immediately delivered himself as follows.— "Beloved, let me crave your attention.—I am a little man, come at a short warning to preach a short sermon, from a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a slender congregation. Beloved, my text is MALT; I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, it being but one: I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find to be these four, M—A—L—T.

"M, my beloved, is Moral,—A, is Allegorical,—L, Literal,—T, Theological. The Moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore, M, Masters—A, all of you—L, listen—T, to my text. The Allegorical is when one thing is spoken

and another thing is meant. The thing spoken of is malt; the thing meant is the juice of malt; which you cantabs make,—M, your master,—A, your apparel,—L, your liberty,—and T, your trust. The literal is, according to the letter—M, much,—A, ale,—L, little,—T, trust. The Theological is according to the effects that it works; and these I find to be of two kinds; first, in this world; secondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are,—in some, M, murder,—in others, A, adultery,—in all, L, looseness of life,—and in some, T, treason. The effects that it works in the world to come—are, M, misery,—A, anguish,—L, lamentation,—and, T, torment. And so much for this time and text.

"I shall improve this: first, by way of exhortation,—M, masters,—A, all of you—L, leave off,—T, tippling; or, secondly, by way of excommunication,—M, masters,—A, all of you,—L, look for,—T, torment; thirdly, by way of caution, take this: a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the innkeeper's benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbour's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man. "Now to," &c. He then concluded in the usual form; and the young men, pleased with his ingenuity, not only sincerely thanked him, but absolutely profited more by this short and whimsical sermon, than by any serious discourse they had ever heard.

PARISH JOBBING.

Look up at the inscription on that venerable building, defaced with plaster; what does it record? "Beautified by Samuel Smeers and Daniel Daub, churchwardens." And so these honest gentlemen call disguising that fine old stone building with a thick coat of lime and hair, or whitewash, *beautifying it!* What is the history of all this? Why, the plain matter of fact is, that every parish officer thinks he has a right to make a round bill on the parish during his year of power: an apothecary physics the poor; a glazier, first in cleaning, breaks the church windows, and afterwards mends them, or at least charges for it; a painter repairs the commandments, puts new coats on Moses and Aaron, gilds the organ pipes, and dresses the little cherubims about the loft as fine as vermilion, Prussian blue, and leaf-gold can make them. The late churchwardens were a silver-smith and a woollen-draper: the silver-smith new fashioned the communion plate; and the draper new-clothed the pulpit and put fresh curtains to the windows. All this might be modestly done, were they not to insult the good sense of every beholder with their *beautified*; shame on them!

DR. PITCARN'S WAY OF ASKING FOR SNUFF.

Madam, permit me to emerge the summits of my digits, in your pulveriferous utensil, to excite a grateful titulation in my olfactory nerves.

PROCLAMATION FOR A LOST ASS.

A certain countryman having lost an ass, came to the cryer, desiring him to give notice of it at the door of the church, which he did for three sundays; but no news being heard of it, the countryman urged him to continue his proclamation, with the reward of a fat pig to the finder. The cryer being tired of the fellow's importunities, one day as the people were coming out of church, thus addressed them: "If there be any man here, who will come forth and solemnly declare he never was in love, he shall have a fat pig." A bumpkin, who was leaning on his staff, hearing the conditions, bawled out, "I can take my oath, I never was in love." Whereupon the cryer, leading him to the countryman, said, "Here, I have found you an ass, the reward is mine."

FOOTE AND PARTRIDGE:

When Foote was at Salt-hill he dined at the Castle, and when Partridge produced the bill, which was exorbitant, Foote asked him his name. "Partridge an't please you," said he. "Partridge," returned Foote, "it should have been Woodcock by the length of your bill."

FOOTE'S MISTAKE:

Foote being at table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread; he took it up and cut a piece off. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, sir," said Foote, "I protest I took it for the loaf."

A LETTER
written by the
AMBASSADOR OF BANTAM,
in the reign of Charles the second.

Master,

The people, where I now am, have tongues farther from their hearts than from London to Bantam, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects, barbarians, because we speak what we mean, and account themselves a civilized people, because they speak one thing and mean another: truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. On my first landing, one who was sent from the king of this place to meet me, told me, That he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival. I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself on my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him, told me, by my interpreter, He should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power. On which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first week, at the house of one, who desired me to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own. Accordingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present; but the false varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, than he sent word to desire me

to desist, for that he would have no such doings in his house. I had not long been in this nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour from the chief of the king's servants, whom they here call the Lord Treasurer, that I had eternally obliged him. I was so surprised at his gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, what service is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity! However, I only asked him for my reward, that he would lend me his eldest daughter during my stay in this country; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen. At my first going to court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking ten thousand pardons of me for only treading by accident on my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldest order any of thy officers of state to receive an hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negociate any thing with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the King's scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, tho' perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldest fancy that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question they always ask me, is How I do? I have this question put to me above a hundred times a day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a most solemn manner with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at table, tho' at the same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will

make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy health also in the same manner; but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution, than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in the royal city of Bantam.

Spectator, vol. viii, no. 557.

ANECDOTE OF POPE.

Pope, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Burton's Coffee-house, when he and a set of literati were poring over a manuscript of the Greek comic poet Aristophanes, in which they found a passage they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loudly, a young man who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage. "O!" said Pope, sarcastically, "by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it." On which he took up the book, and considering a while, said, that there only wanted a note of interrogation to render the whole intelligible: which was really the case. "And pray master," said Pope, piqued perhaps at being out done, "what is a note of interrogation?" "A note of interrogation," replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, "is a little crooked thing that asks questions!" 'T is said, however, that Pope was so delighted with this witicism, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

A HUMOUROUS DECEPTION.

A countryman being in London, a friend of his there, undertook to conduct him to every place that was remarkable and deserved observation. One day, he told him, that he would shew him Bedlam: it was accordingly agreed on; but instead of that, he took him to the door of the House of Commons, telling him, that was the entrance into Bedlam. It happened just then, that the house was breaking up; and the door being persently opened, the countryman to his great astonishment, saw several of the members hastening towards it; on which he immediately took to his heels, and ran as if it were for his life: when being stopped by some persons, who wondered at his running so fast:—"Oh!" cried he, "for the Lord's sake don't stop me; yonder 's Bedlam open, and all the madmen are loose and coming out."

THE TAYLOR AND HIS WORK.

A Taylor having mended a pair of breeches for one of his customers, was carrying them home, when he saw a funeral pass by, attended by an apothecary whom he knew. "So sir," said he to him, "I see you are carrying your work home, as well as I."

THE DISPUTANTS.

A Grecian and a Venetian had a dispute concerning the different learned men their respective countries could boast of. The Grecian, to prove at once that his country had the pre-eminence, said, "All or most of the wise men had come out of Greece." True," said the Venetian, "for we do not find any left."

THE WITTY SHEPHERD.

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, having a new coat on. The parson asked him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? "The same," answered the shepherd, "that clothed you, I mean the parish." The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would go live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded, as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. "Why, are you going away then?" said the shepherd. "No," answered the other. "Then you may tell your master," replied the shepherd, "that his living cannot maintain three of us."

INSCRIPTION ON A SIGN-BOARD,

by a Watch-maker at Oxford.

Here are fabricated, and renovated, trochiliac horologies, portable and permanent, linguaculous or taciturnal; whose circumgirations are performed by internal, spiral, elastic or extensive pendulous plumbages; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurent or argent integuments.

THE CHARACTER OF A SOT.

A sot is a silly fellow without brains. His sight is best when he is stone blind, for till then he can never find his way home. He is a post boy's horn to alarm a quiet neighbourhood at the unseasonable hour of one in the morning; a brewer's pump, to keep store cellars dry. He is a lawyer, for he understands conveyancing extremely well. Although he scarcely knows what a pulpit means, yet he is a most religious fellow, for the name of God is ever at his tongue's end; and he is particularly careful to teach his family the duty of fasting. He is a bare-footed carmelite, for you seldom see him with a pair of shoes to his feet. His frugality is remarkable, for a shirt always lasts him a month without washing, and a pair of stockings till they be worn out. His tailor is Jack Ketch, or his Grace of Monmouth, to one or other of whom he applies, as often as he can afford it, for a left off suit. Strangers frequently mistake him for a Jew, because of his beard. In his draughts he is a camel. He is the wonderful camelion, which is never seen to eat. He is terribly afflicted with various distempers; being frequently seized with the falling sickness at midnight, accompanied with a dead palsy in his tongue: St. Anthony's fire has visibly settled in his face, and so terribly does the ague shake his hand, that he cannot lift a glass of gin to his head. The pawn-broker is his banker, and the publican his chief creditor. In short, while he is alive, he is worthy any person's notice, but after his death there will be no traces found of his memory, except on the chalked walls of ale-houses.

THE ART OF PUNNING BY RULE.

"By rule?" Yes—thus. A man says, "Mr Locke was a great *metaphysician*." 'Oh Lord!' say you, 'that's nothing at all—*I met a physician* myself yesterday.' The next rule is to lay a trap for a pun, by a previous question. Say, 'Do you think the dinner is ready?' "I really do n't know," says one of the company, "I am going to *see*." 'Oh, to *sea*, are you?' say you, 'I wish you *a good voyage*.'—Or thus—say you, 'What do you think of this business of the Empress and the Turks?' "Think!" says one, "why that the Empress will play the very devil with them." Why, sir, in another twelvemonth, there will be *no Turkey* in Europe." 'Upon my word,' say you, 'I am sorry for that—it is a very charming dish, especially with a pudding in it's belly.' Thus when you have learned to pun with facility, you may do what you please. One says—"Come pun away." '*Away!*' say you—'I had better pun *here*, had I not?' "Egad," says another, "he is in for it, *stop* him who can." 'Nay,' say, you, 'what should they *stop* me for? I have *stolen nothing*.' "Well, upon my word," says the first, "that is *beyond* every thing." 'Oh,' say you, "if that be the case you know I can *go no further*." So much for punning.

Dibdin's Musical Tour.

THE CARDS SPIRITUALIZED,

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

One Richard Middleton, a private soldier, attending divine service with the rest of the regiment, at a church in Glasgow, instead of pulling out a bible, like his brother soldiers, in order to search for the text, spread a pack of cards before him. This singular behaviour did not long pass unnoticed, either by the minister or the sergeant of the company to which he belonged: the latter, in particular, commanded him to put up his cards; and on his refusal conducted him, after divine service, before the chief magistrate, to whom he preferred a formal complaint of Richard's irreverend behaviour. "Well, soldier," said the magistrate, "what excuse have you to offer for this strange and scandalous behaviour? If you can make any apology, or assign any reason for it, 't is well; if you cannot, assure yourself that I will cause you to be severely punished."—"Since your honour is so good," replied Richard, "as to permit me to speak for myself, an't please your worship, I have been eight days on march, with a bare allowance of sixpence a day, which, your honour will surely allow, is hardly sufficient to find a man in meat, drink, washing, and other necessaries; and, consequently, he may want either a bible, prayer-book, or any other book." On saying this, Richard pulled out his cards, presented one of the aces to the magistrate, and continued the address to him as follows—"When I see an ace, may it please your honour, it reminds me that there is only one God; and when I look on a two, or a three, the former puts me in mind of the Father and Son, and

the latter of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A four, calls to my remembrance the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; a five, the five wise virgins who were ordered to trim their lamps,—there were ten ordered, but five your worship may remember, were wise, and five were foolish.—A six, that in six days God created heaven and earth; a seven, that on the seventh day he rested from all he had made; an eight, of the eight righteous persons preserved from the deluge, viz. Noah and his wife, with his three sons and their wives; a nine, of the lepers cleansed by our Saviour—there were ten, but one only returned to offer his tribute of thanks; and a ten, of the ten commandments." Richard took the knave and placed it by him; and then passed to the queen, on which he observed as follows:—"This queen, your worship, reminds me of the queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; as her companion, the King, does of the great King of heaven, and of King George the Third."—"Well," replied the magistrate, "you have given me a very good description of all the cards except the knave."—"If your honour will not be angry with me," replied Richard, "I can give you the same satisfaction as to that, as of any card in the pack." "I will not," said the magistrate. "Well," returned the soldier, "the greatest knave that I know is the sergeant who brought me before you."—"I do n't know," replied the magistrate, "whether he be the greatest knave, but I am sure he is the greatest fool of the two." The soldier then proceeded—"When I count the number of dots in a pack of cards, there are 365; so many days are there in a year. When I count how many cards there are in a pack,

I find fifty-two; so many weeks are there in a year. When I reckon how many tricks are won by a pack of cards, I find there are thirteen; so many months are there in a year. So that this pack of cards is both bible, almanack, and prayer-book, to me."
The magistrate then called his servants, ordered them to entertain the soldier well, gave him a piece of money, and said, he was the cleverest fellow in the whole regiment.

THE EXPEDITIOUS PAINTER.

A certain nobleman having built a chapel, had a mind the stair-case leading to it should be ornamented with some scripture history—which he at last determined should be the Children of Israel passing through the Red Sea, and the Egyptians pursuing them.—A painter was employed on this occasion, and fell to work immediately; and after he had daubed the wall from top to bottom with red paint, he called to his lordship and told him the work was done.—"Done!" quoth the peer.—"What's done? Where are the Children of Israel?" "My lord, they are gone over," replied the painter.—"But zounds! where are the Egyptians then!" "The Egyptians, my lord?—why they are drowned to be sure."

GOOD ADVICE FROM A FATHER TO A SON.

—— I don't heed your taking a few glasses of wine in company—it cheers and enlivens, promotes mirth, spirits, and conversation;—nay—if you can bear it, at those times,—Tom—I don't much mind a whole bottle. But as you value yourself—and as you value my friendship—beware of *t' other bottle.* In all my experience in life, the mischief has been done by *t' other bottle* —It is *t' other bottle* makes us drunk, quarrelsome, stupid, stay out late, keep bad hours, and bad company, and bad every thing.—Therefore I say again, Tom—beware of *t' other bottle.*

THE INSANE ORGANIST.

At Worcester, there was an ideot, who was employed at the cathedral there, in blowing the organ. A remarkable fine anthem being performed one day, the organ-blower, when all was over, said, "I think we have performed mighty well to-day." "*We* performed!" answered the organist; "I think 't was I performed, or I am much mistaken." Shortly after, another celebrated piece of music was to be played. In the middle of the anthem, the organ stopped all at once. The organist cries out in a passion, "Why do n't you blow?" The fellow, then popped, out his head from behind the organ, and said—"Shall it be *we* then?"

THD CONTENTED PORTER.

BY RICHARDSON.

A porter, resting himself, with his load by him, groaned aloud, and 'wished he had five hundred pounds.' 'Why,' said a gentleman who was passing by, 'I will give you five hundred pounds:—and now what will you do with it?' 'Oh,' said the porter, 'I will soon tell you what I will do with it. First, I will have a pint of ale, and a toast of nutmeg every morning for my breakfast.' 'Well, and what time will you get up?' 'Oh, I have been used to get up at five or six o'clock, so I will do that now.' 'Well, what will you do after breakfast?' 'Why, I will fetch a walk till dinner.' 'And what will you have for dinner?' 'Why, I will have a good dinner; I will have roast and boiled beef, and some carrots and greens;—and I will have a full pot every day,—and then I will smoke a pipe.' 'Well, and then, perhaps you will take a nap?' 'May be I may—no, I will not take a nap; I will fetch another walk till supper.' 'Well, and what will you have for supper?' 'I do not know—I will have more beef, if I be hungry; or else I will have a Welsh rabbit, and another full pot of beer.' —'Well, and then?' 'Why then I will go to bed, to be sure.'—'Pray, how much may you now earn a week by your business?' 'Why, master, I can make you eighteen shillings, a week.'—'Will not you be tired now, do you think, after a little while, in doing nothing every day?' 'I do not know, master; I have been thinking so.'—'Well then, let me propose a scheme to you.'—'With all my heart, master.'—

Cannot you do all this every day, as you are, and employ your time into the bargain? Why, really, so I can, master, I think; and so take your five hundred pounds again, and thank you.'

THE YORKSHIRE-MEN.

A gentleman being at an inn, and seeing the ostler expert about the horses, asked him what countryman he was. "I'se Yorkshire," said the fellow. "And how long have you lived here?" "Sixteen years." "I wonder that in all that time so clever a fellow as you have not made enough to set up an inn yourself?" "Ay, sir, but master's Yorkshire too!"

QUIN'S EXPENSIVE DINNER.

Quin, having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him; and having no manner of aversion to a good repast, he accordingly waited on his lordship, but found the regale far from answering his expectations.—Upon taking leave, the servants, who were very numerous, had ranged themselves in the hall. Quin finding that if he gave to each of them, it would amount to a pretty large sum, asked, which was the Cook? who readily answered, "Me sir." He then enquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other; when he said to the first, "Here is half a crown for my eating;" and to the other, "Here is five shillings for my wine; but, upon my word, gentlemen, I never had so bad a dinner for the money in my life."

DEAN SWIFT'S HERRING DINNER.

A lady invited Dean Swift to dinner, and as she had heard he was not easily pleased, she had taken care to provide in profusion every delicacy which could be procured. The Dean was scarcely seated before the lady began a ceremonious harangue, expressing much grief that she had not a more tolerable dinner, fearing exceedingly there was not any thing fit for him to eat, "Pox take you," said the Dean, "why did you not provide a better? certainly you have had time enough; but since you say it is so bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring," and he accordingly departed in violent haste.

LADY WALLACE'S D. I. O.

The D. I. O. of Lady Wallace, was a joke in circulation some time ago at Bath.—A silly custom took place among the affected people of fashion, who frequented that place, of using initials in their cards, instead of intelligible words. The card left on taking leave of the place was P. P. C. which, turned into language, was *Pour prendre conge.*—A plain Englishman, to ridicule this affectation, left a card at every house where he had visited, with the letters D. I. O., which engaged the curiosity, and exercised the penetration of the tabbies at the tea-table for a week, when the gentleman in a letter to a friend, condecended to tell them it's meaning, viz, Damme I 'm off.

HUME AND LADY W——E'S EXPOSURE TO A STORM.

The lady was partial to the philosopher, and the philosopher was partial to the lady. They once crossed the Frith from Kinghorn to Leith together, when a violent storm rendered the passengers apprehensive of a salt-water death; and her Ladyship's terrors induced her to seek consolation from her friend, who, with infinite *sang froid*, assured her "he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for the fishes!"—"And pray, my dear friend," said Lady W——e, "which do you think, they will eat first?"—"Those that are *gluttons*," replied the historian, "will undoubtedly fall foul of me; but the *epicures* will attack your Ladyship."

A HOG, THE FINE GENTLEMAN.

Dr. Franklin relates, that in the United States of America, the husbandman and mechanic are far more honoured than a mere man of quality, who lives idly on the labours of others. They have a saying, that God Almighty is himself a mechanic; and they often relate, with much glee, the following observation of a negro. "Boccarorra, (meaning the white man) make the black man workee, make de horse workee, make de ox workee, make ebery ting workee, only de hog. He, de hog, no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk about, he go to sleep when he please, he libb like a gentleman."

THE COUNTRY FELLOW AND LONDON SHOPMAN.

A country fellow, who was just come up to London, gaping about at every shop he came to, at last looked into a scrivener's, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; but, calling to the clerk, "Pray, sir," said he, "what do you sell here!" "Loggerheads," cried the other. "Do you," answered the countryman, "egad then you 've had special trade, for I see you have but one left."

DR. GRAHAM'S WANT.

Dr. Graham being on his stage at Chelmsford, in Essex, in order to promote the sale of his medicines, told the country people, that he came there for the good of the public, not for want. Then speaking to his merry Andrew. "Andrew," said he, "do we come here for want?" "No, faith, sir," said Andrew, "we have enough of that at home."

THE BIBLE-READING COUNTRYMAN AND HIS WIFE.

A countryman reading the Bible to his wife, where it was stated, that Solomon had three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines; the good woman, in a tone of surprise, said, she was sure he had not read it right, and insisted on looking at the passage herself; when having conn'd it over two or three times, and satisfied herself that it was so, she looked up in her husband's face, and chucking him gently under the chin, exclaimed, "Eh! what a simple Solomon wouldst thou make!"

THE SCOTCH BAGPIPER.

A Scotch bagpiper travelling in Germany, opened his wallet by a wood side, and sat down to dinner. No sooner had he said grace, than three wolves came about him; to one he threw bread, to another cheese, till his provender was all gone.—At length he took up his pipes, and began to play; at which the wolves all ran away. "The deel faw me," said Sawney, "gin I had kenn'd ye loed music sa weel, ye should ha' haen it afore dinner."

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G. Nicholson, Poughill.

HUMOUROUS PIECES

from

Peter Pindar

and other Authors.

Corbould del. Bromley sculp.

The Cornish Lasses

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THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

A brace of sinners for no *good*,
  were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
  and, in a curl'd white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
with something in their shoes much worse than gravel;
in short, their toes, so gentle to amuse,
the priest had order'd peas into their shoes:

a *nostrum* famous in old Popish times
for purifying souls that stunk with crimes;
  a sort of apostolic salt,
  that Popish parsons for it's powers exalt
for keeping souls of sinners sweet,
just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
  but very different was their speed, I wot:
one of the sinners gallop'd on,
light as a bullet from a gun;
  the other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cry'd—
  had his soul whitewash'd all so clever:
when home again he nimbly hied;
  made fit, with saints above, to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
he met his brother rogue about half way;
hobbling with out-stretch'd bum and bending knees;

damning the souls and bodies of the peas:
his eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

" How now!" the light toed, whitewash'd pilgrim [broke,
" you lazy lubber!"
" Odds curse it!" cried the t'other, "'t is no *joke*—
my feet, once hard as any rock,
are now as soft as *blubber*.

Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear;
as for Loretto, I shall not get there;
no! to the dev'l my sinful soul must go;
for damme if I ha' n't lost every toe.

But, brother sinner, do explain
how 't is that you are not in pain;
what POWER hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes;
whilst *I*, just like a snail, am crawling,
now swearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,
whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

how is't that thou can like a greyhound go,
merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye!"
" Why," cry'd the other, grinning, " you must know,
that just before I ventur'd on my journey,
to walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

Farewell Odes, for 1786.

THE COUNTRY BUMKIN AND RAZOR-SELLER.

BY THE SAME.

A fellow, in a market town,
most musical, cried razors up and down,
and offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence;

which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,
and for the money, quite a heap,
as ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
that seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
with cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
and proudly to himself in whisper said,
"'This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
provided that the razors *shave;*
it certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown with his good fortune went,
smiling, in heart and soul content,
and quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub,
just like a hedger cutting furze:
't was a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd—
all were impostors——"Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
"I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
he cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, & swore;
brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made
wry faces,
and curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff:
firm as a Foxite, would not lose it's ruff;
so kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.
Hodge in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
on the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.

" Razors!—a vile, confounded dog—
not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and began,
" P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 't is fun,
that people flay themselves out of their lives:
you rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
giving my crying wiskers here a scrubbing,
with razors just like oysters-knives.

Sirrah! I tell you, you 're a knave,
to cry up razors that can't *shave*."

" Friend," quoth the razor man, " I'm not knave:
as for the razors you have bought,
upon my soul, I never thought,
that they would *shave*."

" Not think they'd *shave?*" quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,
and voice not much unlike an Indian yell,
" what were they made for then, you dog?" he cries,
" Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile—" to *sell*."

Farewell Odes, for 1786.

THE CORNISH LASSES.

BY THE SAME.

Walking one afternoon along the Strand,
my wond'ring eyes did suddenly expand
upon a pretty leash of Cornish lasses.—
' Heav'ns! my dear beauteous angels, how 'd ye do?
upon my soul, I'm monstrous glad to see ye.'
" Swinge! PETER, we are glad to meet with you;
we're just to London come—well, pray how be ye?

we 're just a going, while 't is light,
to see St. PAUL's before 't is dark.—
Lord! come, for once, be so polite,
and condescend to be our spark."
'With all my heart, my cherubs.'—On we walk'd,
and much of London—much of Cornwall talk'd;
now did I hug myself to think
how much that glorious structure would surprise—
how from it's awful grandeur they would shrink
with open mouth, and marv'ling eyes!

As near to Ludgate hill we drew,
St. PAUL's just opening on our view;
behold my lovely strangers, one and all,
gave a most diabolic squall,
as if they had been tumbled on the stones,
and some confounded cart had crush'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,
and sticking to a ribbon shop their eyes,
they all rush'd in, and swift to patterns ran,
and, imitating Babel, thus began:

"Swinge! here are colours then to please!
delightful things, I vow to Heav'n!
why! not to see such things as these,
we never should have been forgiv'n.—
Here, here, are clever things—good Lord!
and, sister, here, upon my word—
here, here!—look! here are beauties to delight:
why! how a body's heels might dance
along from Launceston to Penzance,
before that one might meet with such a sight!"

'Come, ladies, 't will be dark,' said I, 'I fear:
pray let us view St. PAUL's, 't is now so near.'—

"Lord PETER, (cried the girls) do n't mind St. PAUL!
sure! you 're a most *incurious* soul!—
why we can see the church another day;
do n't be afraid—St. PAUL's can't *run away*."

Lyric Odes, for 1782.

KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES.

BY THE SAME.

Canute was by his nobles taught to fancy,
that by a kind of royal necromancy,
he had the power OLD OCEAN to controul:
down rush'd the Royal Dane upon the strand
and issued, like a Solomon, command——
poor soul!

'Go back, ye waves, you blust'ring rogues! quoth he,
touch not your Lord and Master, SEA; [
for, by my power almighty, if you do"—
then staring vengeance, out he held a stick,
vowing to drive OLD OCEAN to OLD NICK,
should he e'en wet the latchet of his shoe.

OLD SEA retir'd—the Monarch fierce rush'd on,
and look'd as if he'd drive him from the land:
but SEA not caring to be put upon,
made for a moment a bold stand:

not only make a *stand* did MISTER OCEAN,
but to his honest waves be made a motion,
and bade them give the King a hearty trimming:
the orders seem'd a deal the waves to tickle;
for soon they put his Majesty in pickle,
and set his Royalties, like geese, a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,

soon did they make him wish himself on shore:
his head and ears most handsomely they dous'd;
just like a porpus, with one general shout,
the waves so tumbled the poor king about—
no Anabaptist e'er was half so sous'd.

At length to land he crawl'd, a half drown'd thing,
indeed more like a crab than like a king,
and found his courtiers making rueful faces.
But what said CANUTE to the lords and gentry,
who hail'd him from the water, on his entry,
all trembling for their lives or places?

"My Lords and Gentlemen, by your advice,
I've had with MISTER SEA a pretty bustle;
my treatment from my foe not over nice,
just made a jest for ev'ry shrimp and muscle.

A pretty trick for one of my dominion!—
my Lords, I thank you for your great opinion.
You 'll tell me, p'rhaps, I've only lost *one* game,
and bid me try another—for the rubber;
permit me to inform you all, with shame,
that you 're a set of knaves, and I'm a lubber."

Ode upon Ode.

WILLIAM PENN, NATHAN, AND THE BAILIFF.

BY THE SAME.

As well as I can recollect,
it is a story of fam'd WILLIAM PENN,
by bailiffs oft beset, without effect,
like numbers of our Lords and Gentlemen.

WILLIAM had got a private hole to spy
the folks who came with writs, or "How d' ye do?"

possessing, too, a penetrating eye,
friends from his foes the Quaker quickly knew.

A bailiff in disguise one day,
tho' not disguis'd to our friend WILL,
came to WILL's shoulder compliments to pay,
conceal'd, the catch-pole thought, with wond'rous skill.

Boldly he knock'd at WILLIAM's door,
drest like a gentleman from top to toe,
expecting quick admittance to be sure—
but no!

WILL's servant, NATHAN, with a strait hair'd-head,
unto the window, gravely stalk'd, not *ran*—
"Master at home?" the Bailiff sweetly said—
"Thou canst not speak to him," reply'd the Man.

"What," quoth the Bailiff, "won't he see me then?
"Nay," snuffled NATHAN, let it not thus strike
know, verily, that WILLIAM PENN [thee;
hath seen thee, but he doth not *like* thee."

Odes to Kien Long.

ON HAPPINESS.

BY THE SAME.

"Man may be happy if he will:"
I've said it often, and I think so still:
doctrines to make the MILLION stare;
know, then, each MORTAL is an actual JOVE;
can brew what weather he shall most approve,
or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.

But here's the mischief—man's an ass, I say;
too fond of thunder, lightning, storm, and rain;
he hides the charming, cheerful ray,

that spreads a smile o'er hill and plain!
Dark, he *must* court the scull, and spade, & shroud;
the mistress of his soul must be a CLOUD!

Who told him, that he must be curs'd on earth?—
the GOD of NATURE?—No such thing!
HEAVEN whisper'd him, the moment of his birth.
"Do n't cry, my lad, but dance and sing;
do n't be too wise, and be an ape;
in colours let thy soul be dress'd, not crape.

ROSES shall smooth LIFE's journey, and adorn;
yet mind me—if, through want of grace,
thou mean'st to fling the blessings in my face,
thou hast full leave to tread upon a thorn."

Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,
poor imps! unhappy, if they can't be curs'd—
for ever brooding over MISERY's eggs,
as tho' life's pleasure were a daily sin;
mousing for ever for a gin,
to catch their happiness by the legs.

Even at a dinner, some will be unbless'd,
however good the viands, and well dress'd;
they always come to table with a scowl,
squint with a face of verjuce o'er each dish,
fault the poor flesh, and quarrel with the fish,
curse cook and wife, and, loathing, eat and growl.

A cart load, lo! their stomachs steal,
yet swear they cannot make a meal.
I like not the blue-devil-hunting crew!
I hate to drop the discontented jaw!
O let me NATURE's simple smile pursue,
and pick ev'n pleasure from a straw!

The Rights of Kings.

PRAISE AND FLATTERY

BY THE SAME.

Fair Praise is sterling gold—all should desire it—
Flattery, base coin—a cheat upon the nation;
and yet, our vanity doth much admire it,
and really gives it all it's circulation.
FLATT'RY's a sly insinuating screw;
the world—a bottle of Tokay so fine—
the engine always can it's cork subdue,
and make an easy conquest of the wine.
FLATT'RY's an ivy wriggling round an oak;
this oak is often honest blunt JOHN BULL—
which ivy would it's great supporter choak,
whilst JOHN (so thick the walls of his dark scull)
deems it a pretty ornament, and struts—
till master ivy creeps into JOHN's guts,
and gives poor JOHN a set of gripes:
then like an organ, opening all his pipes,
JOHN roars; and, when to a consumption drain'd,
finds out the knave his folly entertain'd.
PRAISE is a modest, unassuming maid,
as simply as a Quaker-beauty drest:
no ostentation her's—no vain parade;
sweet nymph! and of few words possest;
yet, heard with rev'rence when she silence breaks,
and dignifies the man of whom she speaks.
FLATT'RY's a pert French Milliner—a jade
cover'd with *rouge* and flauntingly array'd—
makes saucy love to ev'ry man she meets,
and offers ev'n her favours in the streets.
And yet, instead of heeding public hisses,
divines so grave—Philosophers can bear her;
what's stranger still, with childish rapture hear her;
nay, court the smiling harlot's *very kisses*.

HYMN TO LIFE.

BY THE SAME.

Parent of PLEASURE, and of many a groan,
I should be loath to part with thee, I own,
Dear LIFE!
To tell the truth, I'd rather lose a *wife*,
should Heav'n e'er deem me worthy of possessing
that best, that most invaluable blessing.

Some people talk of thee with much *sang-froid*,
as one too pitiful to be enjoy'd;
but thou 'rt a most delightful girl with *me*—
a hundred thousand pretty things are *thine*;
indeed, of golden treasure thou 'rt a mine,
thy manners greatly with my heart agree.

I love thy sweet acquaintance from my heart;
will make a bargain with thee not to part,
till Fate shall strike our system off it's hinges:
consenting to a little gout sometimes,
that spoils my appetite to meat and rhimes,
those very sharp *memento-mori* twinges.

I thank thee that thou brought'st me into *being;*
these things of this our world are well *worth seeing*,
and let me add, moreover, well worth feeling.
Then what the dev'l would people have,
the gloomy hunters of the grave,
for ever sighing, groaning, canting, kneeling?

I cannot rise from thee as from a feast,
as HORACE says *uti conviva satur*—
No such matter:
I'll answer for myself at least.

No, when it comes that thou and I must part,
LIFE, I shall leave thee with a sighing heart;
leave the warm precincts of thy cheerful day,
with ling'ring longing looks, says GRAY.

Some wish they never had been born, how odd!
to see the handy works of God,
in sun, and moon, and starry sky;
tho' last not least, to see sweet WOMAN's charms;
nay more, to clasp them in our arms,
and pour the soul in love's delicious sigh,
is well worth coming for, I'm sure,
supposing that thou gav'st us nothing more.

Yet thus surrounded, LIFE, dear LIFE, I'm *thine;*
and could I always call thee *mine,*
I would not quickly bid this world farewell;
but whether here, or long, or short my stay,
I'll keep in mind, for ev'ry day,
an old French motto, *Vive la bagatelle!*

Before us HEAV'N hath plac'd the tear and smile;
each may be won with very trifling toil—
but if there be in nature such a mule,
who willing with misfortune to be curst,
should, like an ideot, madly chose the first,
in God's name let him suffer like a fool.

Misfortunes are this lott'ry world's sad blanks;
presents, in my opinion, not worth thanks;
the PLEASURES are the twenty thousand prizes,
which nothing but a downright ass despises.

Pindariana.

THE LADY'S LAP-DOG AND THE COACHMAN.

BY THE SAME.

CHLOE, a fav'rite of an rich old Dame,
was vastly delicate in all her frame;
could put down nought at last but nice *tid bits:*
nay oft, with much solicitation too,
her Mistress was oblig'd to kiss and woo,
for fear poor tender CHLOE might have *fits.*

Fat was our CHLOE—like a ball of grease;
so round, a foot-ball quite, and fair her fleece.
Oft on the Turkey carpet as she lay,
and sleep o'er CHLOE's eye-lids did prevail;
't was very, very difficult to say
which was her *head* indeed, and which her *tail.*,

At length it came to pass, that CHLO'
did sullenness and sickness show;
so heavy, leaving off her wanton capers;
gap'd, stretch'd, and lethargy she likewise shew'd,
was sick at stomach, (nay I dare say *sp-w'd!*)
and seem'd, poor Dog, afflicted with the *vapours.*

My Lady took her pining to her arms,
hugg'd her, and kiss'd her, full of sad alarms,
fearing her poor dear little soul would *die:*
CHLOE was all stupidity and lumpish:
scarce lick'd her hand—so sullen and so *mumpish,*
nor scarcely rais'd the white of either eye.

The Coachman 's call'd—" O JESU, CHLOE's ill:
quite lost her appetite—she has no will
to move, or say, poor soul, a single thing:
JEHU, what can the matter be—d' ye know?"
" I think, my Lady, I could *cure* Miss CHLO."
" Dear JEHU, what delicious news you bring!

Take her, then— take her, JEHU, to your room,
and from her spirits drive this ugly gloom,
and get her pretty appetite again."—
"O good my Lady, never, never fear;
I understand her case—'t is very clear;
by Heav'n's assistance, I sha' n't work in vain."

Now to his room the Coachman bore Miss Bitch,
who, looking back all wistful, felt no itch
to go with JEHU—still he bears her on:—
arriv'd, kind JEHU offers her a bone.

Miss CHLOE in a passion seeks the door:
in vain—'t is shut—she lays her on the floor,
and whines—gets up, all restless—looks about,
watches the door so sly, and cocks her ears;
so pleas'd and nimble at each sound she hears,
in hopes (vain hopes, alas!) of getting out.

CHLOE, like lightning, now resolves to pass,
bounce from her gaoler, through a pane of glass,
and, by a leap, no more in prison groan:
but, fearing she might spoil her pretty chops,
nay, break her neck, by chamber-window hops,
CHLOE most wisely let the leap alone.

JEHU now offer'd her a piece of liver:
"CHLOE, do you love liver?" JEHU said—
"The devil take," she seem'd to say, "the giver:"
so hurt the dog appear'd—then turn'd her head.
"Well, CHLOE, well—Heav'n mend your proud digestion!
to-morrow I shall ask you the same question."

The morrow (ah! a sulky morrow) came:
CHLOE scarce slept a single wink all night;
whining and groaning, longing much to *bite!*
calling in vain upon the Lady's name.

" Well CHLOE, can you taste your liver?"—" No.
No, thank ye, JEHU."—" Leave it pretty CHLO."—
The day pass'd on—no eating? not a crumb.
Miss CHLOE crawl'd about the room, so sad,
sulky, and disappointed, angry, mad;
now moaning, now upon her rump so dumb.
At times, around on barb'rous JEHU, squinting;
such looks! not much *good will* to JEHU, hinting.

Another morning came—a liver meal—
" CHLOE, how stands you stomach? how d' ye feel?"
" JEHU, I will *not* eat."—JEHU goes out—
what does Miss CHLOE?—With a nimble pace,
runs to the liver, without saying grace,
gobbling away, with appetite *so stout;*
for now the liver seem'd to meet her wish,
and not half satisfy'd, she *lick'd the dish!*
JEHU returns, and smiles—CHLOE grows good;
takes civilly a slice of musty bread;
rejects from JEHU's hand no kind of food;
glad on the *rind of Cheshire* to be fed.

JEHU with CHLOE to my Lady goes,
and triumphing, his little patient shows;
not once discovering the coarse mode of cure—
JEHU had lost his place then to be sure.

My Lady presses CHLOE to her breast,
half crazy, hugging, kissing her—so blest
to see her fav'rite CHLOE's chang'd condition:
"Thank ye, good JEHU.—Heav'ns, what skill is in ye!"
then into JEHU's hand she slips a guinea,
and JEHU's thought a very fine physician.

Pindariana.

ODE TO TWO MICE IN A TRAP.

BY THE SAME.

So, SIR, and MADAM, you at length are taken,
after your dances over cheese and bacon,
and tasting ev'ry dainty in your way;
now to my question answer, if you please—
speak, did you *make* the bacon or the cheese?
what sort of a defence d' ye set up, pray?

Thus at free cost to breakfast, dine, and sup!
e'en *mild* JUDGE BULLER ought to hang you up,
so full of the sweet milk of human nature!
What sort of fate, young people, should ye choose?
in purling streams your pretty mouths amuse,
or feed the cat's fond jaws, that for ye water?

I see ye are two lovers by your eyes;
I hear ye are two lovers by your sighs:
but what avail your looks, or what avail
your sighs so soft, or what indeed your tears,
or what your parting agonies and fears,
since Death must pay a visit to your jail.

Ay, you may kiss and pant, and pant and kiss,
and put your pretty noses through the wire;
ay, peep away, sweet Sir, and gentle Miss;
no more the moon shall mark your am'rous fire,
around the loaded pantry pour the ray,
and guide your gambols with her silver day.
Your prison-door now, culprits, let me ope—
now, now! you 're off! it is a *lucky* hop.

Ye 're in the right on 't, nimble nymph and swain;
go, rogues—but if once more I catch you here!—
what then? what *then!*—why then, I strongly fear,
ye little robbers, you 'll escape again.

Thus let me imitate JUDGE BULLER's deeds,
beneath whose sentence scarce a felon bleeds;
who, as the fur of foxes trims his gown,
the hand of MERCY lines his heart with *Down.*

Pindariana.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

BY THE SAME.

Thus sung the Bard of old, and deem'd no *fool,*
" Sweet are the uses of ADVERSITY;"
a DAME who kicketh from your rump your stool,
and, savage, sheweth not one grain of mercy t' ye;
bids all your fancied-dearest friends *turn tail;*
Greets with wir'd whips, and *blesses* with a jail.

O MISTRESS of this wisdom-teaching pain,
with PILL'RY, GIBBET, FAMINE, in thy train,
go, knock, God bless thee, knock at *others'* doors;
by all my fav'rite GODS of prose and rhyme,
I feel not thy philosophy sublime—
go, seek the Zealot who thy stripes implores.

Go, thunder on *another's* house thy strife;
snatch from a husband's happy arms a wife;
blot from his soul each glimm'ring ray of hope;
rack all his lovely daughters with disease;
poison his sons, and, more thy rage to please,
present the fainting father with a rope.

But let *me* keep wife, children, peace, and land,
and learn thy lessons all at *second hand:*

My taste is dull—yes, vastly dull indeed!
I hate to see a brother mortal bleed—
I hate to hear a gentle Nature groan,
and, GODDESS, more especially *my own.*

Yes, yes, Heav'n knows my taste is more *confin'd;*
prefers the *Zephyr* to the *howling wind;*
prefers too, such my star's unlucky blunder,
one hour's bright calm to *months* of cloud and thunder.

Thou possibly may'st be a good physician,
but *certés* dost not know my *weak condition.*
Blisters, and scarifying, and spare diet,
would set my nervous system in a riot;
rich cordial *drafts* would answer best, I trow,
made up by MESSIEURS HAMMERSLY and *Co.*

Thine iron scourge would really act in vain,
so apt am I to make wry mouths at pain:
at disappointment much inclin'd to moan.
Whenever then, O GODDESS, things we see,
that with one's nature so much disagree,
methinks 't were better they were let alone.

To tumble from a house, or from a tower,
and break a luckless brace of legs and arms,
would make one look most *miserably sour;*
yet are there men, who deem all these *no harms.*

Then *seek* them, GODDESS—souse them on the stones,
and for their goodly comfort, crack their bones.

If in a *well*-stuff'd coach, *well*-overset,
a broken leg, and thigh, and arm, I get,
I am not, I confess, of that pure leaven,
to crawl out on my hands and knees, and say,
grace-like, "For what I have receiv'd this day,
I humbly thank thee, O most gracious Heav'n!"

O Mistress of the terrifying mein,
the boatswain's deep-ton'd voice and brawny arm;
O be not within *leagues* of PETER seen;
thy cat-o'-nine-tails cannot, cannot *charm.*

A stupid scholar, GODDESS, I shall be;
thy conversations are *too deep* for *me*.

Yes, MADAM, you are too sublime a dame
for PETER's company, I speak with shame—
a little winning *wench* contenteth *me*,
'clep'd FORTUNE, a good-natur'd smiling lass,
who constant lights my pipe and fills my glass,
and makes my ev'ry day a *jubilee*.

This is the sweet companion for my money;
such is the little Syren I desire—
thou art all gall, and she all milk and honey;
't is *at a distance* I must thee admire.

A hawk-like appetite, and empty platters,
the bleak wind whistling through a coat in tatters
the flight of fancied friends, a foe's abuses,
are *things* for which my bowels do not yearn;
for rot me MADAM, if I can discern
one atom of their several earthly uses.

MORALITY may wear a ruffle shirt,
I really think, and not his conscience hurt—
MORALITY may also like nice picking;
for since the great ALL-WISE has giv'n us fowls,
mankind were certainly a set of owls,
to dare to place damnation in a chicken.

MORALITY, I ween, may go well drest;
keep a good fire, and live upon the *best;*
throw by his wheel-barrow, and keep a carriage;
visit the Op'ra, Masquerade, and Play;
drink Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, Tokay;
get fifty thousand with a girl in marriage.

To eat from splendid plate, or homely manger,
methinks the soul is just in *equal* danger.

Besides, 't is *late,* O GODDESS, in the day—
I'm not a subject fit for thee to flay;
to speak the truth, my nerves *too nicely feel*—
go, search the motley mixture of mankind;
some young enthusiast wild, thou soon mayst find,
proud of thy whips, and glad to *grace* thy wheel.

So great for my *own person* is my love,
and *hard* thy lessons, I can't *now begin 'em*—
besides, as I have hinted *just above,*
I'd rather read of battles than *be in 'em.*

Pindariana.

JOHN AND JOAN.

BY THE SAME.

Hail wedded Love! the Bard thy beauty hails!
tho' mix'd, at times, with cock and hen-like sparings:
but calms are very pleasant after gales,
and dove-like Peace much sweeter after warrings.

I've written—I forget the page, indeed;
but folks may find it, if they choose to read—
"That Marriage is too sweet without some sour—
variety oft recommends a flow'r.
Wedlock should be like punch, some sweet, some acid:
then life is nicely turbuleht and placid.

A picture that is all light—
lord, what a thing! a very fright!
no, let some darkness be display'd;
and learn to balance well with shade."
John married Joan— they frown'd, they smil'd;
now parted, and now made a child;
now tepid show'rs of Love, now chilling snows;
much like the seasons of the year;

or like a brook, now thick, now clear;
now scarce a rill, and now a torrent flows.

One day they had a desperate quarrel
about a little small-beer barrel,
without John's knowledge slily tapp'd by Joan;
for Joan, 't oblige her old friend Hodge,
thought asking leave of John was fudge;
and so she wisely left the leave alone.

It happen'd that John and Joan had not two beds
to rest their angry, frowning brace of heads;
ergo, there was but one
to rest their gentle jaws upon.
"I'll have a board between us," cried the man—
"With all my spirit, John," replied the wife:
a board was plac'd, according to their plan:
thus ended this barrier at once the strife.

On the first night, the husband lay
calm as a clock, nor once wink'd over—
calm as a clock, too, let me say,
Joan never squinted on her lover.

Two, three, four nights, the sulky pair,
like two still mice, devoid of care,
in philosophic silence sought repose;
on the fifth morn, it chanc'd to please
John's nose to sneeze—
"God bless you, Dear!" quoth Joan at John's loud nose.
At this John gave a sudden start,
and, popping o'er the hedge, his head—
"Joan, did you say it from your heart?"
"Yes, John, I did, indeed, indeed!"
"You did?"—"Yes, John, upon my word."—
"Zounds, Joan, then take away the board!"

Ode to the Livery of London.

A LITTLE TALE.

At a tavern one night,
Messieurs *More*, *Strange*, and Wright,
met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange:
says More, " Of us three,
the whole town will agree,
there is only one knave, and that's *Strange*."
" Yes," said *Strange* (rather sore)
" I am sure there 's one More,
a most terrible knave, and a bite;
who cheated his mother,
his sister and brother—:"
" O yes," replied More, " that is *Wright*."

ON THE LATE MOSES KEAN, A MIMIC.

BY —— CAREY.

Alas! poor Kean! (thus ev'ry friend will say,
dropping a farewell tear;)
that time so soon should hurry thee away
from life's contracted sphere.
Sure Death was jealous of thy mimic pow'rs,
thy oddity, and whim;
lest in thy laughing, inoffensive hours,
thou mightst have *ta'en off* him.

THE SEARCH FOR CONTENT.

BY THE REV. MR. WILSON.

One day when the Gods were engaged in chat,
like mortals conversing on this thing and that,
the thunderer observ'd, that to earth he had sent,
as a blessing to man, the fair goddess Content.
But so long she 'd been absent, he fear'd she was lost;
he therefore resolv'd to send Hermes, the post,
to search in what quarter the fugitive stray'd,
and fairly report the discov'ries he made.
The order was given, and quickly the God
adjusted his bonnet and took up his rod;
out-stripping the winds, he quick as the light
to the white cliffs of Britain directed his flight.
As Britain he knew was of Europe the pride,
Content he conceiv'd must in Britain reside.

In quest of the goddess he first went to court,
supposing she 'd choose such a splendid resort,
but observing the throne was incircled with care,
he wisely concluded she 'd never been there.
To the minister next he directed his course,
and found the state-pilot with wrangling was hoarse,
tho' his face wore a smile and tho' placid his mein,
yet Content he confess'd he had never yet seen.

He next took a trip to the sons of ambition,
who bawl and declaim to promote opposition.
But he knew, from the marks of chagrin in each face,
that Content with the faction was quite out of place.

To the clergy his course he determin'd to steer,
in hopes from the priesthood some tidings to hear,
but Content was a stranger to all, they confess'd,
tho' each could describe her and wish'd her his guest.

Next day, to a bishop he went, at the dawn,
whose merit had gain'd him the mitre and lawn.
For a month he was pleas'd with his splendid condition,
and own'd himself high as his highest ambition.
But hearing him pray for a speedy translation,
she was greatly provok'd and retir'd from her station.

Disappointed, from hence noble Hermes withdrew,
and join'd, in a tavern, a bacchanal crew.
The joke, laugh, and bottle went merrily round,
but their glee was repaid by a head-ach he found;
they jok'd without wit & they laughed without mirth,
and their happiness ow'd to the bottle it's birth;
he therefore concluded, what oft has been try'd,
that Content can't with Comus or Bacchus reside.

He next join'd a party of gossiping dames,
who 'd met to demolish a list of good names;
from the slander he heard, this reflexion he drew,
that the bosom of Envy Content never knew.

He now had recourse to some fox-hunting 'squires,
whose rudeness and health were deriv'd from their sires.
He found 't was their business, their ultimate good,
to spring over hedges and shout in a wood.
They frankly inform'd him 't is bliss they pursue,
but never o'ertake it, tho' always in view.
He therefore concluded abroad they 'd not roam,
if fully convinc'd that Content was at home.

At Oxford and Cambridge he found in each college,
a good stock of port, and a deep fund of knowledge;
where her aid *alma mater*, with fondness imparts,
fair science to rear and to foster the arts.
A professor he saw, with his trencher-cap'd people,
was solemnly taking the height of a steeple;
and others were filling a mighty balloon,
resolv'd to adventure a trip to the moon.

A party, with meagre contemplative looks
were smoothing the dog's ears and dusting their books.
A few, he observed, to secure a degree,
were carefully meas'ring the leaps of a flea,
and hop'd they'd be able t' elucidate soon
at how many springs she could leap to the moon;
but amidst their acquirements, he found in each breast
a something to poison and leaven the rest.
So Hermes from college return'd as he went,
for none of the members had met with Content;
but all had concluded the goddess must dwell
together with Truth, in a bottomless well.

He sought through the navy, the army, and bar,
but Content was not met with in peace or in war:
every age he examined, each sex, all professions.
He enquir'd of each nymph, whether black, brown or fair,
but was constantly answer'd, Content was not there.

Fatigued, and despairing the goddess to meet,
and without any clue to point out her retreat,
by chance he espy'd, at the side of a wood,
a lonely low cottage, whose walls were of mud.
It's top was green turf and green rushes the thatch,
the door was quite plain, with a string to the latch.
In front was a field, with a small flock of sheep,
and goats at a distance were climbing a steep.
He gaz'd for a while and was pleas'd with the spot,
then lifting the latch, bolted into the cot.
A shepherd was sat by a bright little fire,
whose aspect was placid and neat his attire.
His wife with such looks as abundantly prove,
by silent expression, obedience and love,
was employ'd at her wheel. Here the god look'd around,

and saw with success his enquiries were crown'd,
for Content sat between them and strove, with a smile,
their labours, their cares, and their time to beguile.
When the Goddess and Hermes, o'erjoy'd at the meeting,
had saluted each other and finish'd their greeting,
Hermes ask'd, with an arch but a good temper'd tone,
how long have you liv'd, pray, with Darby and Joan?
Content with a look of much mildness, reply'd,
they've been married three weeks, & I came with the bride,
but from what I've observ'd, I can plainly foresee,
they cannot for many days longer agree;
for madam last night in a petulant fit,
with an ill-natured air gave me warning to quit,
and now am resolv'd in the course of a week
to take a French leave and new quarters to seek.

The dialogue ended, and Hermes, the god,
ty'd the wings to his shoes and adjusted his rod;
gave a kiss to Content and the two honest people,
then sprang from the ground to the height of a steeple;
join'd the gods in a minute, and made this report,
at the first quarter sessions when Jove was in court.
Jove heard the detail, and was sorry he 'd sent
on an errand so fruitless, the Goddess Content:
" So Hermes," said he, " with a *posè* of gods,
go fetch her once more to these happy abodes,
let Patience go with you, but leave her below,
as the highest fellcity mortals shall know,
whose lives are a wonderful mixture of ills,
springing up from their passions, their fancies and wills.
Content seeks admission with labour in vain;
then let them have Patience, and cease to complain.
Well pleas'd with their errand they cheerfully went

and brought back, rejoicing, the goddess Content.
But Patience they left, by the Father assign'd
to comfort, relieve, and encourage mankind;
and if they've a wish for Content, 't will be giv'n
when Patience has render'd them worthy of Heav'n.

THE OYSTER.

BY WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

" ——In jus
acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque." *Horace.*

Two comrades, as grave authors say,
(but in what chapter, page, or line,
ye critics, if ye please, define)
had found an oyster in their way.

Contest and foul debate arose,
both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
both challeng'd the delicious prize,
and high words soon improv'd to blows.

Actions on actions hence succeed,
each hero 's obstinately stout,
green bags and parchments fly about,
pleadings are drawn, and counsel fee'd.

The parson of the place, good man!
whose kind and charitable heart
in human ills still bore a part,
thrice shook his head and thus began:

'Neighbours and friends, refer to me
this doughty matter in dispute,
I 'll soon decide th' important suit,
and finish all without a fee.

Give me the oyster then—'t is well—
he opens it, and at one sup,
gulps the contested trifle up,
and, smiling, gives to each a shell.

Henceforth let foolish discord cease,
your oyster's good as e'er was eat;
I thank you for my dainty treat,
God bless you both, go live in peace!

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
from this learn common sense;
nor thrust your neighbours into jails
for every slight offence.

Banish those vermin of debate,
that on your substance feed;
the knaves who now are serv'd in plate,
would starve, if fools agreed.

ON READING DR. TRAPP'S TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

Read the Commandments, friend, translate no further: for it is written, "Thou shalt do no murder."

EDWARD NOT DEAD.

I heard last week, friend Edward, thou wast dead.
I 'm very glad to hear it too, cried Ned.

THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

How poorly your projectors fare,
who build their castles in the air!
still tow'ring on from scheme to scheme,
they top Olympus in a dream;
but waking find (nineteen i' th' score)
themselves far lower than before;
of these the instances are many,
and this will serve as well as any.

It happen'd, on a summer's day,
a country lass, as fresh as May,
deck'd in a rural russet gown,
was going to the market town;
so blithe her looks, so simply clean,
you 'd take her for a May-day queen;
tho' for a garland, says the tale,
her head sustain'd a loaded pail.
As on her way she pass'd along,
she humm'd the fragment of a song;
she did not hum for want of thought,
quite pleas'd with what to sale she brought;
and reckoned, by her own account,
when all was sold, the whole amount.
Thus she—in time this little ware
may turn to great account with care:
my milk being sold for—so and so,
I 'll buy some eggs as markets go,
and set them—at the time I fix,
these eggs will bring as many chicks;
I 'll spare no pains to feed them well,
they 'll bring vast profit when they sell.
With this I 'll buy a little pig,

and when 't is grown up fat and big,
I 'll sell it, whether boar or sow,
and with the money buy a cow;
this cow, will surely have a calf,
and there the profit 's half in half;
besides, there 's butter, milk, and cheese,
to keep the market when I please;
all which I 'll sell and buy a farm,
then shall of sweethearts have a swarm.
O! then for ribbands, gloves, and rings!
Ay! more than twenty pretty things.
One brings me this, another that,
and I shall have—I know not what.
Fir'd with the thought, the sanguine lass,
of what was thus to come to pass,
her heart beat strong, she gave a bound,
and down came milk-pail on the ground.
Eggs, fowls, pig, hog, (ah, well-a day!)
cow, calf, and farm—all swam away.
Be warn'd by this, ye British fair,
and build no castles in the air.

THE DECISION.

Clarissa, sprightly once and gay,
now sigh'd the tedious hours away:
she mourn'd the kindest husband gone,
the husband much—but more the man.
Dark weeds conceal'd the fair from view—
yet mightily became her too!
she veil'd her pretty blubber'd face,
and wept her dear—with such a grace!
But lo, young Florimond appears,

to dry the joyless widow's tears;
his suit she heard with warm disdain,
protested all his hopes were vain:
her hands she rung, her robe she rent,
and wept, and "wonder'd what he meant!"
yet through the drop that drown'd her eye,
't is said there shone a spark of joy;
and sage diviners could foretell,
that Florimond might yet do well.

A scruple now disturb'd her head,
"whether it were a sin to wed."
Queries and doubts her brain possess'd,
and busy conscience broke her rest.
So, to resolve this knotty case,
she seeks the curate of the place;
a Casuist?—Deep.—Of judgment?—Sound.
Yes, fam'd for parts—the parish round.

Clarissa, with the rising sun,
approach'd her friend and thus begun:
'Full sixty times hath yonder light
arose—as oft hath sunk in night,
since the lamented hour that gave
my faithful consort to the grave:
and sure no second love shall e'er
efface that image still so dear:
Clarissa to his mem'ry just,
for ever shall revere his dust.
Yet cruel prudence may require
what else were foreign to desire;
and midst a weight of cares, you know
what can a helpless woman do?
my heedless servants slight my call,
my farmers break, my houses fall;
and Florimond, with winning air,

tells me they want a husband's care,
What does my learned doctor say?
'Why marry sure—without delay.'
But should the lover prove unkind,
a tyrant o'er a tender mind,
how hard my lot, condemn'd to mingle
tears with my cup? 'Why then live single.'
Yet what if an obdurate fair
should drive a lover to despair?
you know the foolish freaks of men;
I dread the thought!—'Nay take him then.'
But should he squander my estate,
and pawn my jewels, rings, and plate!
and witless I, by folly led,
be turn'd adrift to beg my bread?'
The doctor, vers'd in womankind,
perceiv'd the working of her mind.
'Madam,' he cries, 'when truth we seek,
all argument is often weak:
when reasons weigh on either part,
opinion vainly tries her art;
so, till descending truth prevails,
she sits suspended o'er the scales.
A way more speedy shall be try'd;
a tongue shall speak that never ly'd;
know, madam, then, my parish bell
is famous for advising well;
whate'er the point in question be,
it hits the matter to a T:
thus, as it dictates, by it's tone,
you sure must wed, or lie alone.'
Now tow'rd the church in haste they go;
the widow chearful?—But so so——
yet vows, whate'er the answer giv'n,

she " piously will yield to Heav'n:"
the doctor too exhorts the fair
to " listen, and decide with care."
And now the myst'ry to unfold,
he turn'd the key, the bell he toll'd.
Our widow mus'd, and knit her brow——
' Well, madam, pray what think you now?'-
(Here, first she sobb'd and wip'd her eye,
then labour'd out a doleful sigh.)
—' Think, doctor?—Why, the case is plain:
alas I find resistance vain!
ah, Florimond!——and must I yield?
in Heav'n, 't is said, our doom is seal'd:
yet not by choice——by fate I 'm won;
the will of Heav'n be ever done!
the bell ordains thee to my bed,
for hark! it fairly bids me " wed."
Dear doctor then, (I speak with sorrow)
be sure you be at home to-morrow.'

Think you the simple tale too long?
then hear the moral of my song;
the moral, to no sex confin'd,
regards alike all human kind.

Sly passion and distemper'd sense
usurp the form of evidence;
and truth and falsehood, good and ill,
receive their tincture from the will.
Man boasts his reason's powers in vain;
the pageant drags a hidden chain:
a vary'd shape each object wears,
just as he wishes, hopes, or fears:
his deepest thought, his vaunted rule,
is passion's slave, or folly's fool.
'T is hence we blindly can approve

the very faults of those we love:
't is hence we blindly can debate
the noblest deeds of those we hate.
Abroad thus works perverted will,
at home our views are darker still;
and actions deem'd absur'd in thee,
are prudent, wise, and just in me:
self-love adores her own caprice,
still deifies each darling vice;
and by the colour of a name,
removes at once the guilt and shame.
The prodigal is "gen'rous, free:"
the miser "boasts œconomy:"
Gay" the debauch'd; the proud is "great;"
the bold oppresser "hates a cheat;"
the fawning slave "obliges all;"
and mad revenge "is honour's call."
Thus passion shoots through every part;
the brain is tainted with the heart:
weak judgment falls before temptation;
and reason—is but inclination.

THE CASE ALTERED.

Hodge held a farm, and smil'd content,
while one year paid another's rent:
but if he ran the least behind,
vexation stung his anxious mind:
for not an hour would landlord stay,
but seize the very quarter day:—
how cheap soe'er, or scant the grain,
tho' urg'd with truth, was urg'd in vain;
the same to *him*, if false, or true;

for rent *must* come when rent was due.
Yet that same landlord's cows and steeds
broke Hodge's fence, and cropt his meads.
In hunting, that same landlord's hounds,
see! how they spread his new-sown grounds!
dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoy'd,
while half the rising crop 's destroy'd:
yet tamely was the loss sustain'd——
't is said, the suff'rer *once* complain'd;
the Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
and paid the bumpkin—with a joke.

But luckless still, poor Hodge's fate!—
his worship's bull has forc'd a gate,
and gor'd his cow, the last and best;
by sickness he had lost the rest.
Hodge felt at heart resentment strong:
the heart will feel that suffers long.
A thought that instant took his head,
and thus within himself, he said:
'If Hodge, for *once*, do n't *fling* the 'Squire,
may people post him for a liar.'
He said;—across his shoulder throws
his fork, and to his landlord goes.

'I come, an' please ye, to unfold
what soon, or late, you must be told.
My bull, (a creature tame till now)
my bull has gor'd *your worship*'s cow.—
'T is known what shifts I make to live—
perhaps your honour may forgive——
"Forgive!" the 'Squire reply'd, and swore,
"pray cant to me, *forgive*, no more.
The law my damage shall decide,
and know that I 'll be satisfy'd."—
—'Think, Sir, I 'm *poor*, *poor* as a rat.'—

—"Think, I 'm a JUSTICE, think of *that!*"
Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head,
and recollecting, archly said,
'Sir, I 'm so struck, when here before ye,
I fear, I 've blunder'd in the story:—
'fore George! but I 'll not blunder now;
your's was the bull, Sir! *mine* the cow!'
His worship found his rage subside,
and with calm accent thus reply'd:
"I 'll think upon your case to-night—
but, I perceive, *'t is alter'd quite.*"
Hodge shrugg'd, and made another bow,
'An' please ye! who 's the JUSTICE now?'

ADAM AND HIS WIFE.

Adam alone could not be easy,
so he must have a wife, an 't please ye:
but how did he procure this wife,
to cheer his solitary life?
Why, from a rib cut off his side
was form'd this necessary bride.
But how did he the pain beguile?
pho! he slept sweetly all the while.
But when this rib was re-applied,
in woman's form to Adam's side,
how then, I pray you, did it answer?
He never slept so sweet again, sir.

THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A farmer once to London went,
to pay the worthy 'Squire his rent:
he comes—he knocks—soon entrance gains;
who at the door such guest detains?
forth struts the 'Squire exceeding smart;
"Farmer you 're welcome to my heart;
you 've brought my rent then?"—'To a hair.'
"The best of tenants, I declare."
The stewards 's call'd, account made even,
and money paid, receipt is given.
"Well," quoth the 'Squire, "you now shall stay
and dine with me, old friend, to-day:
I 've here some ladies, wond'rous pretty,
and pleasant sparks too, that will fit thee."
Hob scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
and said, 'No, zur, two words to that.
For look, d' ye zee, when Ize do dine
with gentlefolk zo cruel fine,
Ize use to make (and 't is no wonder)
in deed, or word, zome plaguy blunder;
zo, if your honour will permit,
I'll with your zarvants pick a bit.'
"Pho," says the 'Squire, "it sha' nt be done,
and to the parlour push'd him on.
To all around Hob nods and scrapes,
not waiting-maid or buckler scapes;
with often bidding takes his seat,
but at a distance mighty great:
tho' often ask'd to draw his chair,
he nods, nor comes an inch more near.
By madam serv'd, with body bended,

with knife and fork, and arms extended,
he reach'd as far as he was able,
to plate, that over-hung the table:
with little morsels cheats his chops,
and in the passage some he drops:
to shew where most his heart inclin'd,
he talk'd and drank to John behind.
When drank to in the modish way,
'Your love's sufficient, Zur,' he'd say;
and to be thought a man of manners,
still rose to make his awkward honours.
"Pish," says the 'Squire, "pray keep your sitting."
'No, no,' Hob cries, 'zur, 't is not fitting;
tho' I'm no scholard, vars'd in letters,
I knaws my duty to my betters.'
Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
and hearty laughs go round the board.
Thus the first course was ended well,
but at the next—ah! what befell!—
The dishes now were timely plac'd,
and table with fresh lux'ry grac'd.
When drank to by a neighb'ring charmer,
up, as was usual, stands the farmer.
A wag, to carry on the joke,
thus to his servant softly spoke;
"Come hither, Dick, step gently there,
and pull away the farmer's chair."
'T is done, his congee made, the clown
draws back, and stoops to sit him down;
but by posteriors over-weigh'd,
and of his trusty seat betray'd,
as men at twigs in river sprawling,
he seiz'd the cloth to save his falling.
In vain:—sad fortune! down he 's wallow'd,

and, rattling, all the dishes follow'd.
The foplings lost their little wits,
the ladies squall'd, some fell in fits;
here tumbled turkies, tarts, and widgeons,
and there minc'd pies, and geese, and pidgeons;
a pear-pie on his belly drops,
and custard pudding meets his chops.
Lord what ado 'twixt belles and beaux!
some curse, some cry, and wipe their cloathes.
This lady raves, and that looks down,
and weeps and wails her spatter'd gown.
One spark bemoans his greased waistcoat,
one, rot him, cries, he 's spoil'd my lac'd coat.
Amidst the rout, the farmer long
the pudding suck'd and held his tongue.
At length he gets him on his breech,
and scrambles up to make his speech;
scrapes eyes, and mouth and nostril twangs,
then smacks his fingers, and harangues.

'Plague tak 't—Ize told ye how 't wou'd be,
luck here 's a pickle, zur, d' ye zee?
and zome, I'll warrant, that makes his chatter,
have cloathers daub'd with greaze and batter,
that cost'—He had gone on, but here
was stopt at once in his career.

"Peace, brute! be gone," the ladies cry,
The beaux exclaim, "Fly, rascal, fly,"
"I'll tear his eyes out," squeaks Miss Dolly,
"I'll pink his soul out," roars a bully.

At this the farmer sweats through fear,
and thinking 't was ill tarrying here,
steals off, and cries, "Ay! kill me then,
whene'er you catch me here again."
So home he jogs, and leaves the 'Squire

to cool the sparks and ladies' ire.
Thus ends my tale, and now I'll try,
like Prior, something to apply.
This may teach rulers of a nation,
ne'er to place men above their station;
and this may shew the wanton wit,
that whilst he bites he may be bit.

TO MRS. THRALE,

on her conmpleting her Thirty-fifth Year.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

Oft in danger, yet alive,
we are come to thirty-five;
long may better years arrive,
better years than thirty-five,
Could philosophers contrive
life to stop at thirty-five,
time his hours should never drive
o'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
trifle not at thirty-five;
for, howe'er we boast and strive,
life declines from thirty-five:
he that ever hopes to thrive
must begin by thirty-five;
and all who wisely wish to wive
must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

HOLT WATERS.

BY MARY JONES.

Two Nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
both fair, and tolerably vain,
one morning early left their beds,
and said their pray'rs, and drest their heads.
The coach was order'd, in they step,
not well awake, nor quite asleep:
of well-dress'd beaux a brace they chuse,
at once for ornament, and use.
Their conversation need I tell?
or who spoke most, or which spoke well?
or how it ran of various things,
of queens and grottos, wars and kings,
of fortune-tellers, or the fashion,
of marriage, or predestination?
in short, they settled all the nation.
Not many miles the nymphs were come,
ere Chloe wish'd she'd stay'd at home;
her lively colour comes and goes,
the lily struggled with the rose.
"I wish!"——Wish on, thou gentle maid;
of wishes need one be afraid?
"Why then"—and whisper'd something low:
but what, or when, or where, or how,
none but the muse shall ever know.
Yet trust me, prudes, it was no more,
then you or I have wish'd before:
bright Emily, of royal race,
might wish the same in such a case.
In short,—the lady—but no matter:
I'll never tell one earthly creature,

For why should I, in lays forbidden,
unveil what custom would have hidden?
but lest the beaux, for beaux might blame,
should hear, and after hurt her fame,
on each she cast a languid look,
and thus the heroes twain bespoke.

"What vast variety of woe
does Jove let fall on folks below!
poor Kitty, who but yesterday
was all so giggling, and so gay,
is pouring now the fantic tear,
and bares her breast and beats the air,
all comfort from her bosom's fled,
for ah! her parroquet is dead.
Now 't is but civil, as I guess,
to visit people in distress;
if not for love, in spite, or joke,
to see how horridly they look:
for grief the fairest cheek will stain,
and make folks look extremely plain.
Then wonder not, if I alight,
to do what 's decent, and what 's right,
to visit first the hapless maid,
then pay the right to Polly's shade:
whose grave I 'll sprinkle——with my tears,
and mix my friendly drops with her's.
Excuse me then—I can no more——
here, Thomas stop; undo the door."

Tom stops, and Chloe soon alights,
looks pleas'd, but full of fears and fright.
Sir Fopling he must needs attend her,
and, with a speech, his hand will lend her.
"O no, Sir Fopling!--You 'll excuse it;
time 's precious, and we must not lose it."

Away she flies, as swift as wind,
and leaves the lover far behind.
At length a little farm she sees,
surrounded by a clump of trees;
no yelping cur was heard from far,
the door had neither bolt nor bar:
so in she goes, and looks around,
but no expedient 's to be found.
What shall she do? her wants are pressing,
and speedily require redressing.
In haste she trips it to the dairy,
in hopes to find or Nan or Mary;
but not a living soul was there,
nor cat to squall, nor mouse to stir.
In short, the bus'ness must be done;
time to consider there was none.

The cream-pot first she fill'd with liquor,
fit for the thorax of the vicar.
Nay Jove himself, the skies protector
would call such liquor heavenly nectar.
So in a grot, I've seen enthron'd
some river goddess, osier crown'd,
pour all her copious urns around.
Hence plenteous crops our harvests yield,
and Ceres laughs through all the field.
A pan of milk, unskimm'd it's cream,
did next receive the bounteous stream;
the bounteous stream in bubbles breaks,
and many a curious eddy makes.
O stop, dear nymph! alack! forbear;
spoil not our cheese! our butter spare!
what will poor goody Baucis say,
to see her milk all turn'd to whey?
the nymph was deaf, the noise was loud,

and who hear less then those that should?
so in an aqueduct I've stood,
and heard aghast the headlong flood:
what tho' with Stentor's lungs you call,
I hear you not I'm deafness all.
The rite perform'd, herself much eas'd,
and Polly's gentle shade appeas'd,
back to her company she flies,
quite unobserv'd by vulgar eyes.
The muse indeed behind her stood,
and heard the noise, and saw the flood.
But when poor Baucis from the field
return'd, and saw her vessels fill'd;
how did she lift her hands, and stare!
and cry'd—"What fairy has been here?
I left this milk-pan yet to skim,
and saw no bubbles on the brim!
my cream-pot too was hardly full,
but now it overflows the bowl!
yet no disorder I can view,
no six-pence left in Cattern's shoe:
my pewter on the shelves have slept,
the house too 's neither brush'd nor swept.
Well; guard us all, I say, from evil!
for mighty watchful is the devil."
A large brown jug stood there apart,
the reservoir of near a quart;
the liquor pure, as amber fine,
but stock'd with particles saline.
Now Baucis, who came hot from work,
was very dry, her dinner pork:
"One draught," cry'd she, "of good sound beer!
I'm thirsty, and no creature near——
let's see what Heav'n has sent us here.

She smelt it, and no full-blown rose
sent half the fragrance to her nose.
It look, thinks she, like cowslip wine,
and if not sweet, I 'm sure 't is fine:
however, 't is a sin to waste it,
I 'll e'en take heart o' grace, and taste it—
she drank, and down the liquor went;
" A little, and therewith content,
we learn," say she, " from good St. Paul;
and sure Content is all in all!
our beer is dead, but no great matter,
't is better still than common water.
We poor folks must make shift, 't is true;
howe'er, to give the devil his due,
e'en let him bake, but never brew."

QUIN AND FOOTE.

As Quin and Foote one day walk'd out
to view the country round,
in merry mood they chatting stood,
hard by the village pound.
Foote from his poke a shilling took,
and said, " I 'll bet a penny,
in a short space, within this place,
I 'll make this piece a guinea."
Upon the ground, within the pound,
the shilling soon was thrown:
" Behold," said Foote, " the thing 's made out,
for there is one pound one."
" I wonder not," says Quin, " that thought
should in your head be found,
since that 's the way your debts you pay,—
one shilling in the pound."

FEMALE CAUTION.

BY W. TAYLOR.

Mother Breedwell presented her husband each year
with a cropping brave boy, & sometimes with a pair;
'till the primitive blessing of multiplication
had fill'd the whole house with a young generation.
But as they increas'd, so sorrow and care,
those primitive curses, put in for a share;
and the toilsome employment of mother and wife,
had hag'd the poor woman half out of her life.

To the doctor she goes, with a pitiful face,
and begs he would give his advice in her case.
She tells him her husband was wretchedly poor,
and prays he'd consider her chargeable store,
and prevent for the future her having of more.
'As for that,' quoth the sage, 'I've a cure never failing,
which neither Hippocrates thought of, nor Galen.
Look here—I present you this wonderful hose,
into which, ev'ry night when you bed with your spouse
thurst both legs; nor pull off the magical fetters,
till you rise in the morn about family matters.
Observe but this rule, which I give you in charge,
and your stock may diminish, but never enlarge.'
'Many thanks for your kindness, dear Sir,' quoth the
dame,
(here she drop'd him a curt'sie)—'if it were not for
shame,
and for fear you should think me too bold, I'd fain beg
t' other stocking——and so have a hose to each leg:
for if such rare virtue contain'd is in one,
how safe should I be, had I both of them on!'

FROM CAMBRIDGE TO
MASTER HENRY ARCHER,
a Young Gentleman at Eton School.

BY EDWARD LITTLETON, L. L. D.

Tho' plagu'd with algebraic lectures,
and astronomical conjectures,
wean'd from the sweets of poetry
to scraps of dry philosophy,
you see, dear HAL, I've found a time
t' express my thoughts to you in rhyme.
For why, my friend, should distant parts
or time, disjoin united hearts;
since, tho' by intervening space
depriv'd of speaking face to face,
by faithful emissary letter
we may converse as well, or better!
and, not to stretch a narrow fancy,
to shew what pretty things I can say,
(as some will strain at simile,
first work it fine, and then apply;
add Butler's rhymes to Prior's thoughts,
and choose to mimic all their faults,
by head and shoulders bring in a stick,
to shew their knack at hudibrastic,)
I 'll tell you, as a friend and crony,
how here I spend my time, and money;
for time and money go together
as sure as weathercock and weather;
and thrifty guardians all allow
this grave reflection to be true,
that whilst we pay so dear for learning
those weighty truths we've no concern in,
the spark who squanders time away

in vain pursuits and fruitless play,
not only proves an arrant blockhead,
but, what 's much worse, is out of pocket.
Whether my conduct bad, or good is,
judge from the nature of my studies.
No more majestic Virgil's heights,
nor tow'ring Milton's loftier flights,
nor courtly Horace's rebukes,
who banters vice with friendly jokes,
nor Congreve's life, nor Cowley's fire,
nor all the beauties that conspire
to place the greenest bays upon
th' immortal brows of Addison;
Prior's inimitable ease,
nor Pope's harmonious numbers please,
how can poetic flowers abound,
how spring in philosophic ground?
Homer indeed (if I would shew it)
was both philosopher and poet,
but tedious philosophic chapters,
quite stifle my poetic raptures,
and I to Phœbus bade adieu
when first I took my leave of you.
Now algebra, geometry,
arithmetic, astronomy,
optics, chronology, and statics,
all tiresome points of mathematics;
with twenty harder names than these,
disturb my brains and break my peace.
All seeming inconsistencies
are nicely solv'd by a's and b's;
our senses are disprov'd by prisms,
our arguments by syllogisms.
If I should confidently write

this ink is black, this paper white,
or, to express myself yet fuller,
should say that black, or white 's a colour;
they 'd contradict it, and perplex one
with motion, light, and it's reflexion,
and solve th' apparent falsehood by
the curious texture of the eye.
Should I the poker want, and take it,
when 't looks as hot, as fire can make it,
and burn my finger, and my coat,
they 'd flatly tell me, 't is not hot;
the fire, say they, has in 't 't is true,
the power of causing heat in you;
but no more heat 's in fire that heats you,
than there is pain in stick that beats you.

Thus too philosophers expound
the names of odours, taste, and sound;
the salts and juices in all meat
affect the tongues of them that eat,
and by some secret poignant power,
give them the taste of sweet, and sour.
Carnations, violets, and roses
cause a sensation in our noses;
but then there's none of us can tell
the things themselves have taste, or smell.
So when melodious Mason sings,
or Gething tunes the trembling strings,
or when the trumpet's brisk alarms
call forth the cheerful youth to arms,
convey'd through undulating air
the music's only in the ear.

We're told how planets roll on high,
how large their orbits, and how nigh;
I hope in little time to know

whether the moon 's a cheese, or no;
whether the man in 't, as some tell ye,
with beef and carrots fills his belly;
why like a lunatic confin'd
he lives at distance from mankind;
when he at one good hearty shake
might whirl his prison off his back;
or like a maggot in a nut
full bravely eat his passage out.
Who knows what vast discoveries
from such inquiries might arise?
but feuds and tumults in the nation
disturb such curious speculation.
Cambridge from furious broils of state,
foresees her near-approaching fate;
her surest patrons are remov'd,
and her triumphant foes approv'd.

No more! this due to friendship take,
not idly write for writing's sake;
no longer question my respect,
nor call this short delay neglect;
at least excuse it when you see
this pledge of my sincerity;
for one who rhymes to make you easy,
and his invention strains to please you,
to shew his friendship cracks his brains,
sure is a mad-man if he feigns.

ON A FAT GENTLEMAN OF OXFORD.

When T—— walks the streets, the paviers cry,
" God bless you, sir!" and lay their rammers by.

THE WASHING-DAY.

The Muses are turn'd gossips; they have lost
the buskin'd step, and clear high sounding phrase,
language of Gods—Come then, domestic Muse,
in slip-shod measure loosely prattling on,
of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
or drowning flies; or shoe lost in the mire
by little whimpering boy with rueful face;
come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing-day.

Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend
with bow'd down soul, full well ye ken the day
which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
too soon; for to that day nor peace belongs
nor comfort. Ere the first gray streak of dawn
the red-arm'd Washers come and chace repose.
Nor pleasant smile nor quaint device of mirth
e'er visited that day; the very cat,
from the wet kitchen scar'd, and reeking hearth,
visits the parlour, an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast meal is soon dispatch'd
uninterrupted save by anxious looks
cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower:
from that last evil O preserve us, Heavens!
for should the skies pour down, adieu to all,
remains of quiet; then expect to hear
of sad disasters, dirt and gravel-stains,
hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
snapp'd short, and linen by dog-horse thrown down,
and all the petty miseries of life.
Saints have been calm while stretch'd upon the rack,
and Montezuma smil'd on burning coals,
but never yet did huswife notable

greet with a smile a rainy Washing-day.
But grant the welkin fair, require not thou,
who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
or usual tendance; ask not, indiscreet,
thy stockings mended, tho' the yawning rents
gape wide as Erebus, nor hope to find
some snug recess impervious: shouldst thou try
the custom'd garden-walks, thine eye shall rue
the budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
myrtle or rose, all crush'd beneath the weight
of coarse check apron, with impatient hand
twitch'd off when show'rs impend; or crossing lines
shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
flaps in thy face abrupt.—Woe to the friend
whose evil stars have urg'd him forth to claim
on such a day the hospitable rites;
looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy,
shall he receive; vainly he feeds his hopes
with dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie,
or tart or pudding—pudding he nor tart
that day shall eat; nor, tho' the husband try,
mending what cann't be help'd, to kindle mirth
from cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
clear up propitious; the unlucky guest
in silence dines, and early slinks away.
I well remember, when a child, the awe
this day struck into me; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, look'd cross, and drove me from
nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope [them;
usual indulgences; jelly or creams,
relique of costly suppers, and set by
for me their petted one; or butter'd toast
when butter was forbid; or thrilling tale

of ghost, or witch, or murder—so I went
and shelter'd me beside the parlour fire.
There my dear Grandmother, "eldest of forms,"
tended the little ones, and watch'd from harm,
anxiously fond, tho' oft her spectacles
with elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
drawn from her ravell'd stocking, might have sour'd
one less indulgent———
At intervals my Mother's voice was heard
urging dispatch; briskly the work went on:
all hands employ'd to wash, to rinse, to wring,
to fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.
Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
why washings were.—Sometimes, through hollow bowl
of pipe, amus'd, we blew and sent aloft
the floating bubbles, little dreaming then
to see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball
ride buoyant through the clouds: so near approach
the sports of children and the toils of men.
Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, have their bubbles,
and verse is one of them—this most of all.

BENEVOLENCE.

The other day, said Ned to Joe,
near Bedlam's confines groping,
"Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
my hand is always open."
"I own," said Joe, "that to the poor
(you prove it ev'ry minute)
your hand is open, to be sure,
but then there's nothing in it."

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE BY CHEESE.

BY CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

There liv'd in York, an age ago,
a man whose name was Pimlico:
he lov'd three sisters passing well,
but which the best he could not tell.
These sisters three, divinely fair,
shew'd Pimlico their tenderest care:
for each was elegantly bred,
and all were much inclin'd to wed;
and all made Pimlico their choice,
and prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
like ass divided 'tween the hay,
at last resolv'd to gain his ease,
and choose his wife by eating cheese.
He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
and said with them that night he 'd sup;
desir'd that there might only be
good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
he was resolv'd to crown his life,
and by that means to fix his wife.
The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
each dress'd herself divinely neat;
with faces full of peace and plenty,
blooming with roses, under twenty.
For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
were sweet as lilies of the valley;
but singly, surely buxom Bet
was like new hay and mignionet;
but each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
for that, of truth, was said of Nancy:

and as for Sal, she was a Donna,
as fair as those of old Crotona,*
who to Apelles lent their faces
to make up madam Helen's graces.
To those the gay divided Pim
came elegantly smart and trim:
when ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,
cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
Nancy at once not fearing—caring
to shew her saving, ate the paring;
and Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
cut, and then threw away the rind;
while prudent Sarah, sure to please,
like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
This done, young Pimlico replied,
" Sally I now declare my bride:
with Nan I cann't my welfare put,
for she has prov'd a dirty slut:
and Betsy who has par'd the rind,
would give my fortune to the wind.
Sally the happy medium chose,
and I with Sally will repose;
she's prudent, cleanly; and the man
who fixes on a nuptial plan
can never err, if he will choose
a wife by cheese—before he ties the noose."

*Apelles, from five beautiful Virgins of Crotona, drew the beautiful Helen.

DIOGENES TO ARISTIPPUS.

Cloy'd with ragouts, you scorn my simple food;
and think good eating is man's only good:
I ask no more than temperance can give;
you live to eat: I only eat—to live.

WILLIAM HICKINGTON'S WILL,

as registered in the Spiritual Court at York.

This is my last will,
I insist on it still,
so sneer on and welcome,
and e'en laugh your fill.

I, William Hickington, Poet of Pocklington, do give and bequeath, as free as I breathe, to thee, Mary Jaram, the queen of my haram, my cash and my cattle, with every chattel, come heat or come cold, to have and to hold, sans hindrance or strife (tho' thou 'rt not my wife);

as witness my hand,
just here as I stand,
this twelfth of July,
in the year seventy,

William Hickington.

Signed in the presence of }

INSCRIPTION

over a Gentleman's Chimney-piece near Barnsley,

To my best my friends are free;
free with that, and free with me;
free to pass the harmless joke,
and the tube sedately smoke;
free to drink, just what they please,
as at home, and at their ease;
free to speak, and free to think—
no informers with me think;
free to stay a night, or so;
when uneasy, free to go.

GILES AND HIS WIFE.

Says Giles, "My wife and I are two,
yet, faith! I know not why, sir!"
Quoth Jack, "You 're ten, if I speak true;
she 's one, and you 're a cypher."

GIBBON, A CHRISTIAN.

Euthusiasts, Lutherans, and Monks,
Jews, Syndics, Calvinists, and Punks,
Gibbon an athiest call;
while he, unhurt, in placid mood,
to prove himself a Christian good,
kindly forgives them all.

THE MAID'S AGILITY.

Thrown from her steed, a lovely maid,
unconscious what her fall betray'd,
with nimble leap her seat regain'd,
while motionless her man remain'd:
"Why, John, you seem surpris'd!" said she,
at seeing my agility:"
"Mayhap," quoth John, "that word from London
came,
but here we give it quite a different name."

WRITTEN ON A GLASS,

by a Gentleman who borrowed the Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil.

Accept a miracle, instead of wit,
see two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

THE SPECTACLES.

Robin, who to the plough was bred,
and never learnt to write or read,
seeing the good old people use
to read with glasses 'cross their nose,
which constantly they wore about 'em,
and said they could not do without 'em;
happen'd one day, to come to town,
and, as he saunter'd up and down,
he chanc'd to spy where such like things
hung dangling on a row of strings.
It took him in the head to stop,
and ask the master of the shop,
if he could furnish folk that need
with glasses that could make 'em read?
or sell a pair, of—what do you call it?
would fit the nose, and would not gall it?
The man his drawer in one hand took,
the other op'd the Bible-book.
The drawer contain'd of glasses plenty,
from ninety down to less than twenty;
some set in horn, and some in leather,
but Robin could approve of neither;
and when a hundred pairs had tried,
and still had thrown them all aside,
the man grew peevish,—(both grew vext)
and swore he could not read the text.
"Not read!"—"Confound you for a fool;
I'll hang if e'er you went to school!
Did you e'er read without the help
of spectacles?"——"Why, no, you whelp,
do people, who can walk without,
buy crutches for to stump about?"

THE APRIL FOOL.

BY J. HARRISON.

" To-day," says Dick, " is April-day,
and, tho' so mighty wise you be,
a bet, whate'er you like, I 'll lay,
ere night, I make a fool of thee!"

" A fool I may be made, 't is true:
but, Dick," cries Tom, " ne'er be afraid,
no man can make a fool of you,
for you 're a fool already made."

WRITTEN BY DR. MASSEY ON MISS EGERTON'S FAN.

Oft on my knees at Church I 've been,
one prayer 's my first and last;
a husband is the thing I mean,
good Lord! I am in haste.

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HUMOUROUS.

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&c. &c.

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THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

BY JOHN PHILIPS.

" ——Sing, Heavenly Muse!
things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme;"
a Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
in silken or in leathern purse retains
a Splendid Shilling! He nor hears with pain
new oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
but with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
to Juniper's Magpye, or Town Hall repairs;
where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Mean while he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
and hunger, sure attendant upon want,
with scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(wretched repast!) my meagre corse sustain:
then solitary walk, or doze at home
in garret vile, and with a warming puff
regale chill'd fingers; or, from tube as black
as winter chimney, or well polish'd jet,
exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming scent;
not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
smoaks Cambro-Britain (vers'd in pedigree,
sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
full famous in romantic tale) when he
o'er many a craggy hill, and barren cliff,

upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
high over-shadowing rides, with a design
to vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
or Maridunum, or the ancient town
yclep'd Brechinia; or where Vaga's stream
encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
whence flow nectareous wines, that well my vie
with Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
with looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
to my aerial citadel ascends:
with vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gates,
with hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
the voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
confounded, to the dark recess I fly
of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
my shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
my tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
so horrible he seems! His faded brow
entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
and spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
disast'rous acts forebode: in his right hand
long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
with characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
such plagues from righteous men!) behind him stalks
another monster, not unlike himself,
sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
a Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
with force incredible, and magic charms,
erst have endu'd; if he his ample palm

should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
to some inchanted castle is convey'd,
where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
in durance strict detain him, till, in form
of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
be circumspect; oft, with insidious ken,
this caitiff, eyes your steps aloof, and oft
lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch
with his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
an everlasting foe, with watchful eye
lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
within her woven cell; the humming prey,
regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
inextricable, nor will aught avail
their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
the wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
and butterfly proud of expanded wings
distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
useless resistance make; with eager strides,
she tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
this world invelope, and th' inclement air

persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
with pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
me, lonely sitting, nor the glimm'ring light
of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
my anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
or desperate lady near a purling stream,
or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
and restless wish and rave; my parched throat
finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
but if a slumber haply does invade
my weary limbs, my fancy 's still awake,
thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
tipples imaginary pots of ale,
in vain—awake, I find the settled thirst
still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
my galligaskins, that have long withstood
the winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
by time subdu'd (what will not time subdue!)
an horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
wide, discontinuous; at which the winds,
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,

protending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
long sail'd secure, or through the Ægean deep,
or the Ionian, till cruising near
the Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
on Scylla, or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks!)
she strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
so fierce a shock unable to withstand,
admits the sea: in at the gaping side
the crouding waves gush with impetuous rage,
resistless, overwhelming! Horrors seize
the mariners; death in their eyes appears;
they stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray:
(vain efforts!) still the batt'ring waves rush in,
implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
the ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

A SONNET.

Imitated from the Spanish of Lopez de Vega. *Menagiana, tom. iv. p.* 176.

BY —— EDWARDS.

Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to 't before:—A sonnet!
why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it;
't is good howe'er t' have conquer'd the first stave.
Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
said I, and found myself i' th' midst o' th' second.
If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
I should turn back on th' hardest part and laugh.
Thus far with good success I think I've scribbled,
and of the twice seven lines have clean got o'er ten.
Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet.
Thanks to thee, Muse, my work begins to shorten!
there's thirteen lines got through driblet by driblet.
'T is done! count how you will, I warrant there 's
fourteen.

A MEDICINE FOR THE LADIES.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON, ESQ.

Miss Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
had wealth and charms—but then she had—a tongue!
From morn to night, th' eternal larum rung,
which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.
Sir John was smitten and confess'd his flame,
sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;
possess'd, he thought, of ev'ry joy of life;
but his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline;
madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine.
From whence some petty discords would arise,
as "You 're a fool!"—and, "You are mighty wise!"

Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit,
her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
when she began, for hat and sword he 'd call;
then, after a faint kiss, cry, "B' y', dear Moll:
supper and friends expect me at the Rose."
"And, what, Sir John, you 'll get your usual dose?
Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine;
sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!"

Oft', as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
at a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business done,
and only then reel'd off, because alone.
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come;
but, arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durst venture home.

My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd;
she rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
"'T is a fine hour! In a sweet pickle made!
and this, Sir John, is ev'ry day the trade.

Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;
till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast,
resolv'd to break my heart, as well as rest." [spouse!
" Hey! Hoop! d' ye hear, my damn'd obstrep'rous
what cann't you find one bed about the house?
will that perpetual clack lie never still?
that rival to the softness of a mill!
some couch and distant room must be my choice,
where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise."
Long this uncomfortable life they led,
with snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was;
" Cheer up!" cry'd he, " and I'll remove the cause.
A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
of sov'reign virtue, chiefly to compose
domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
the best elixir 't appease man and wife;
strange are th' effects, the qualities divine;
't is water call'd, but worth it's weight in wine.
If in his sullen airs, Sir John should come,
three spoonsful take, hold in your mouth—then mum:
smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold,
still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
one month this sympathetic med'cine try'd,
he 'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
or ev'ry prattling hussey 'll beg a dose."
A water-bottle 's brought for her relief;
not Nants could sooner ease the lady's grief:
her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
and, female like, impatient for th' event.

The bonny knight reels home, exceeding clear,
prepar'd for clamour, and domestic war.
Entering, he cries—"Hey! where's our thunder fled?
no hurricane? Betty 's your lady dead?"
Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
curt'sies looks kind, but not a word she speaks.
Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
but found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
"Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now?"
She smiles, and answers only with a bow.
Then clasping her about, "Why let me die!
these night-clothes, Moll, become you mightily!"
With that, he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
and Betty calls, her lady to undress.
"Nay, kiss me, Molly, for I 'm much inclin'd."
Her lace she cuts to take him in the mind.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
the lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.

For many days these fond endearments pass'd.
The reconciling bottle fails at last;
't was us'd and gone, then midnight storms arose,
and looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies
to beg her uncle for some fresh supplies;
transported does the strange effects relate,
her knight's conversion and her happy state!
"Why, niece," says he, "I prithee apprehend,
the water 's water, be thyself thy friend;
such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
but your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
be silent and complying; you 'll soon find,
Sir John, without a med'cine, will be kind."

THE HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN'S JOURNEY,

shewing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

BY WM. COWPER, ESQ.

John Gilpin was a citizen
of credit and renown,
a train-band captain eke was he
of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Tho' wedded we have been
these twice ten tedious years, yet we
no holiday have seen;

to-morrow is our wedding day,
and we will then repair
unto the Bell at Edmonton,
all in a chaise and pair;

my sister and my sister's child,
myself and children three,
will fill the chaise; so you must ride
on horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
of woman-kind but one,
and you are she, my dearest dear,
therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
as all the world doth know,
and my good friend the callender
will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, "That 's well said;
and, for that wine is dear,
we will be furnish'd with our own,

which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
o'erjoy'd was he to find
that, tho' on pleasure she was bent,
she had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
but yet was not allow'd
to drive up to the door, lest all
should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
where they did all get in;
six precious souls, and all agog
to dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
were never folk so glad,
the stones did rattle underneath
as if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
and up he got in haste to ride,
but soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached he,
his journey to begin,
when, turning round his head, he saw
three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
altho' it griev'd him sore,
yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
were suited to their mind,

when Betty screaming came down stairs;
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
my leathern belt likewise,
in which I bear my trusty sword
when I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
had two stone bottles found,
to hold the liquor that she lov'd,
and keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
through which the belt he drew,
and hung a bottle on each side,
to make his balance true;

then over all, that he might be
equipp'd from top to toe,
his long red cloak well brush'd and neat,
he manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
upon his nimble steed,
full slowly pacing o'er the stones
with caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
beneath his well-shod feet,
the snorting beast began to trot,
which gall'd him in his seat.

"So, fair and softly," John he cried,
but John he cried in vain,
that trot became a gallop soon,
in spite of curb and rein,

So stooping down, as needs he must
who cannot sit upright,
he grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
and eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
had handled been before,
what thing upon his back had got
did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
away went hat and wig;
he little dreamt, when he set out,
of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
like streamer long and gay,
till loop and button failing both,
at last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
the bottles he had slung;
a bottle swinging at each side,
as hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
up flew the windows all;
and ev'ry soul cried out, "Well done!"
as loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin, who but he?
his fame soon spread around;
he carries weight! he rides a race!
't is for a thousand pound!

And still as fast as he drew near,
't was wonderful to view
how in a trice the turnpike men
their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down,
his reeking head full low,
the bottles twain behind his back
were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
most piteous to be seen,
which made his horse's flanks to smoke
as they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
with leathern girdle brac'd;
for all might see the bottle-necks
still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
these gambols he did play,
and till he came unto the Wash
of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
on both sides of the way,
just like unto a trundling mop,
or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
from balcony espied
her tender husband, wond'ring much
to see how he did ride.

"Stop, Stop, John Gilpin! here's the house,"
they all at once did cry;
"the dinner waits, and we are tir'd:"
said Gilpin, so am I.

But yet his horse was not a whit
inclin'd to tarry there;
for why? his owner had a house
full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
shot by an archer strong;
so did he fly, which brings me to
the middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
and sore against his will,
till at his friend's the callender's
his horse at last stood still.

The callender, amaz'd to see
his neighbour in such trim,
laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
and thus accosted him.

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
tell me you must and shall;
say why bare-headed you are come,
or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
and lov'd a timely joke;
and thus unto the callender
in merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
and, if I well forebode,
my hat and wig will soon be here,
they are upon the road."

The callender, right glad to find
his friend in merry pin,
return'd him not a single word,
but to the house went in;

whence strait he came with hat and wig;
a wig that flow'd behind,
a hat not much the worse for wear,
each comely in it's kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
thus shew'd his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as your's,
they therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
that hangs upon your face;
and stop and eat, for well you may
be in a hungry case."

Said John, "it is my wedding-day,
and all the world would stare,
if wife should dine at Edmonton,
and I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
't was for your pleasure you came here,
you shall go back for mine."

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
for which he paid full dear;
for while he spake, a braying ass
did sing most loud and clear;

whereat his horse did snort, as he
had heard a lion roar,
and gallop'd off with all his might,
as he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
went Gilpin's hat and wig!
he lost them sooner than at first,
for why? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
her husband posting down
into the country far away,

she pull'd out half a crown;

and thus unto the youth she said,
that drove them to the Bell,
"this shall be your's when you bring back
my husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
whom in a trice he tried to stop
by catching at his rein;

but not performing what he meant,
and gladly would have done,
the frighted steed he frighted more,
and made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
went post-boy at his heels;
the post-boy's horse right glad to miss
the lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
thus seeing Gilpin fly,
with post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
they rais'd the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!"
not one of them was mute;
and all and each that pass'd that way
did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
flew open in short space,
the toll-men thinking, as before,
that Gilpin road a race.

And so he did, and won it too!
for he got first to town;

nor stopp'd till where he first got up
he did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
and Gilpin, long live he;
and when he next doth ride abroad,
may I be there to see!

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A LOVE-LETTER.

A pointed dart, with anguish tipt;
a cup of poison, take;
an opening bud, untimely nipt,
a victim at a rack.

A bleeding heart, a vestal flame,
a mind in deep despair,
a thousand tortures without name,
and style her, Killing Fair!

Each look that faintly speaks disdain,
a flash of lightning call;
and should she give denial plain,
be that a thunder ball.

Ten thousand oaths, all well apply'd,
must, here in course be ta'en;
tho' they 're all meant to be bely'd,
and taken o'er again.

Swear that her eyes are two bright stars,
her cheeks exceed the rose,
and purer white than lily bears
on her soft bosom flows.

Her lips must crimson velvet be
and silver all her teeth;

sweeter that any nutmeg tree
must be her spicy breath.

The sun must be as cold as ice,
when with your flame compar'd;
nay, light be darkness in a trice,
if she but speak the word.

Then, you must break your heart in two;
send her the better half:
she 'll, may be, say 't is something new,
and condescend to laugh:

and when she laughs the sun must shine
with an enlivening ray;
her smile be brightness all divine,
a perfect summer's day.

Let daggers, poisons, blood, and death,
fill every other line;
between them let the gentle breath
of soft persuasion shine.

First talk of love, and then the grave,
of racks and woodbine bow'rs;
now swear, now praise, kiss, weep, and rave;
in time she must be your's.

THE LAWYER AND CLIENT:

FROM BOILEAU.

Two Lawyers, when a knotty cause was o'er,
shook hands, and were as good friends as before;
"Zounds!" said the client, "how came yaw,
to be such friends, who were such foes just naw?"
"Thou fool!" said one, "we lawyers, tho' so keen,
like sheers, ne'er cut ourselves, but what 's between."

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN, 1723.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I'm sure such words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 't is a shame
for a parson, who should know better things to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 't is both a shame and a sin;
and the Dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin:
he has more goodness in his little finger, than you have in your whole body:
my master is a parsonable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,
because my master one day, in anger, call'd you goose;
which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,
and he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart, drunk or sober:
not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
tho' you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your college.

You say you will eat grass on his grave: a christian eat grass!
whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass:
but that 's as much as to say, that my master should die before ye;
well, well, that 's as God pleases; and I do n't believe that 's a true story:
and so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master; what care I?
and I do n't care who knows it; 't is all one to Mary.
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and shame the devil;
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tuesday of all days in the year;
and Saunders, the man, says you are always jesting and mocking:
Mary, said, he, (one day as I was mending my master's stocking;)
my master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school—
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
he would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-clout to his tail.
And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
for I write but a sad scrawl, but my sister Marget she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from prayers;

and see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming
up stairs;
whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could
write written hand:
and so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to com-
mand, MARY.

THE PRAYER OF FREDERICK II,
in behalf of poets.

Ye gods! from whom each favour'd bard
receives those talents verse requires,
O teach them truth! for sure 't is hard
they should be all such wicked liars.

ADVICE TO A LADY IN AUTUMN.
BY LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Asses milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before;
then sleep for an hour or two, and no more.
At nine stretch your arms, and oh! think when alone,
there's no pleasure in bed. "Mary, bring me my
gown;"
slip it on ere you rise; let your caution be such;
keep all cold from your breast, there 's already too
much.
Your pinners set right, your twitcher ty'd on,
your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite done;
retire to some author, improving and gay,
and with sense like your own, set your mind for the day.
At twelve you may walk, for at this time o' th' year,
the sun, like your wit, is as mild as 't is clear:
but mark in the meadows the ruin of time;
take the hint, and let life be improv'd in it's prime.
Return not in haste nor of dressing take heed;

for beauty, like your's, no assistance can need.
With an appetite, thus, down to dinner you sit,
where the chief of the feast is the flow of your wit:
let this be indulg'd, and let laughter go round;
as is pleases your mind, to your health 't will redound.
After dinner two glasses, at least, I approve;
name the first to the king, and the last to your love;
thus cheerful, with wisdom, with innocence gay,
and calm with your joys, gently glide through the day.
The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
they are tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Then in chat, or at play, with a dance or a song,
let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along.
All care, but of love, banish far from your mind,
and those you may end, when you please to be kind.

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G. Nicholson, Poughill.

HUMOUROUS.

THE NEWCASTLE RIDER, AND OTHER PIECES.

Shew me an upper room! I hate these pitiful low damp rooms, that are receptacles for every dirty raggamuffin that comes!

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THE NEWCASTLE RIDER.

SCENE I.

A low room at the Queen's-head, Harrogate, at the hour of seven in the evening. Enter JOSEPH, *the Newcastle Rider, roaring out,*

Here! house! landlord! where the devil are all the people?

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Coming, coming, sir.

Jos. Coming, coming? yes, but you are an eternal long time in coming! Where's the master of the house?

Wait. Quite busy with some gentlemen, sir: what do you please to have?

Jos. Why, nothing; I choose to give my orders to the master himself, and then I am certain of being attended to.

Wait. I will acquaint him with what you say, sir, immediately.

Jos. I expect you will. [*Exit.*

JOSEPH *alone.*

Well, the devil's in't if I cann't take some consequence upon myself now and then. What tho' I am but a traveller, I'm personable enough to pass for as clever a fellow as my master. This hat [*taking it off and admiring it*] this fully trimmed hat, will at any

time set me off to advantage. Indeed I have observed that in my late rounds, a greater respect than ordinary has been paid to me. I am confident it was on account of the smartness of my dress which sets off my person amazingly, and gives me an air of consequence.

Enter LANDLORD.

Sir, your most obedient.

Jos. Are you the landlord of the house?

Landl. Yes, sir.

Jos. Shew me an upper room, then; I hate those pitiful low damp rooms that are receptacles for every dirty raggamuffin that comes!

Landl. I beg your pardon there; by no means, sir; no sir, I harbour none such.

Jos. Come, come, do n't talk to me, man; do n't talk to me; but let me have supper got ready quickly, d'ye hear? What victuals have you in the house?

Landl. We have great variety, sir; as beef, mutton, veal, lamb,—

Jos. Rot your variety, none of these are supper-meat for me. Have you any game, fowls, or ducks in the house?

Landl. No game, sir, but exceedingly fine ducks, ready for spitting.

Jos. Let me have a couple got ready then directly.

Landl. A couple, sir?

Jos. Yes, a couple! and let them be fine and fat, as you say, or else I cann't touch one of them.

Landl. Are there any more gentlemen to join in your company, sir?

Jos. No! what then? why do you ask?

Landl. Why, sir, I only thought you were mistaking, because a couple of such ducks as mine, are, sir,

would serve three or four reasonable gentlemen.

Jos. So, then, you think me unreasonable, do you? What do you mean by that, eh? If I be inclined to order a dozen, provided I pay for them, what is that to you? However, to be something more unreasonable, as you call it, let me have a peck of green pease with them.

Landl. I beg your pardon, sir, you shall have them with all expedition. [*Aside.* Mercy on me! a couple of ducks, and a peck of pease, for himself only, he must have a voracious stomach to dispatch that quantity.] Pray, sir, are you come to drink the waters?

Jos. Confound your waters! what, man, do I look like a water-drinker? [*Looks very big and consequential*]

Landl. I am sorry, sir, that you are offended. I only thought you might have come, as other gentry do, to spend the season.

Jos. Confusion to the seasons and your thoughts too! all seasons are alike to me, what do I care for seasons? only let me have my ducks well seasoned. But, come, shew me an upper room, sir, an upper room.

Landl. This way, sir, if you please. [*Joseph follows the landlord with great pomp.*]

SCENE II.

The Kitchen. Two Waiters.

Harry. What a strange fellow is this that's just alighted. Tom, you may be certain he's some upstart or other, real gentlemen never behave in this ridiculous manner. Flush of money I'll warrant for the

present, and so quite full of pride and impudence. However, he'll not get much from me for all the fine airs he gives himself.

Tom. No, nor from me, unless I thought he would come down handsomely at parting; but I'm afraid, Harry, we must not expect much in that way.

Harry. It's surprising to me that people should put themselves out of temper about nothing, and make themselves and every one about them miserable. We know very well that a mild behaviour, a kind word, or even a smile, would command more of our respect and ready attendance, than all the domineering expressions, whims, and freaks in the world. But here comes master. This bothering ape has put him into a pretty huff I see.

Enter LANDLORD.

Zounds! I have kept this house these twenty years, and have had the greatest variety of guests, yet never was bullied so in all my life. Here, Harry, bid the cook set a couple of the fattest ducks to the fire immediately, and help to shell a peck of pease. And do you, Tom, go and lay the cloth in the blue chamber for yon stingy spark. [*Exit Waiters.*] Truly he seems as if he would not have patience till they be ready.

Re-enter HARRY.

Sir, there is a carriage just stopped at the door, with a lady and gentleman and luggage.

Landl. I will attend them.

SCENE III.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. MANLY.

Landl. Your most obedent, I congratulate you on your safe arrival at Harrogate.

Mrs. Manly. Thank you, sir. Stay; before you leave the room let me speak of some refreshment. A most agreeable flavour seemed to come from your kitchen. I think there must be either a goose or ducks at the fire; a little of either would be very acceptable after our journey.

Landl. Yes ma'am, there are a couple of very fine ducks nearly ready for a gentleman above stairs.

Mrs. Manl. Is the gentleman alone pray?

Landl. Yes ma'am, he is quite alone.

Mrs. Manl. And is it possible that he can have ordered two ducks for himself?

Landl. It is certainly true, madam, and I must own his order surprised me. I ventured to ask him if he expected more company, thinking a couple of such fat ducks at mine somewhat extraordinary for one person. He immediately fell into a violent passion, telling me that if he had ordered a dozen, provided he paid for them, what was that to me.

Mr. Manl. He was certainly right there, landlord, yet he can n't have any objection to a companion or two partaking with him. I will therefore thank you to go to him with our compliments, and acquaint him that a gentleman and lady, just arrived, propose to have the pleasure of supping with him, if he pleases. In the mean time we will take a turn in the garden.

Landl. Very well, I will step with your message.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

JOSEPH *discovered lolling upon a sopha, singing.*

Tol lol de rol id deid y rol. So far so well; this is what one may call life; that is, as long as it lasts. Yes; 't is now that I can enjoy myself, without being upon the mechanic order, as I may say, like a horse in the mill. [*Twirling his hat about.*] This hat is the very thing, the bon ton. I think my money was well laid out in the purchase. It gives me great consequence. I value it much. Yes, but I value ducks and green pease more; for they are incomparable things, of which I shall have a bellyful presently. Egad! I will live in clover to-night. By Jupiter, I wish they were ready. I am pretty sharp set, and these people are confoundedly tedious. O! here comes Mr. Boniface. [*Enter landlord.*] Well, sir, is supper ready yet?

Llandl. Very nearly, sir; but I step at present to say, that a gentleman and lady, just alighted from their carriage, understanding that you were alone, present their compliments, and beg the favour of being permitted to join in company, and partake of your supper.

Jos. My supper! the devil! partake of my supper, say you? No, no; no such thing! *I—ordered—my—supper—for—myself!—and—I—will—have—it—to—myself!* Now, as I shall *pay* for what I order, let me be no more interrupted, nor troubled with any impertinence. So go about your business and hasten my supper!

Landl. I go, sir, I go. [*Muttering aside as he*

goes out, Zounds! what a proud, insignificant, unmannerly puppy!]

Joseph alone. Sup with me, quotha! hold you there. I stopped here with a full intention, for once, of indulging my appetite, and I will admit no interlopers, by holy Bacchus. A couple forsooth. No, thank you, Mr. Boniface, for your fine complimentary message. The devil, and fire, and confusion! I should not have perhaps as much as a rump for myself, if they be as hungry as I am. No, no, I am not such a young traveller as they imagine, I'll take care of number one. Let me see! I imagine I shall sleep in the next room. I'll see what sort of a bed there is. [*Exit, singing.*]

SCENE V.

The Garden. Mr. and Mrs. MANLY, *seated.*

Mr. Man. It is impossible to judge of the beauties of this village from the transient view we have had of it this evening; yet it seems rural and pleasing, tho' something open and wild. How are you after your journey?

Mrs. Man. Tolerably well, my dear; but I hope I shall be much better after a little supper. Here comes the landlord.

Mr. Man. Well, landlord, have you delivered our message to the gentleman, as we desired?

Landl. Yes, sir, I have, and am both sorry and ashamed to tell you the result.

Mr. Man. Why, he surely has not had the ill manners to refuse, hath he?

Landl. He has, sir, and in the rudest manner.

He protested that no person should partake of his supper, and told me I was impertinent.

Mr. Man. Why, you really surprise me, landlord. He discovers slight indications of politeness or good-breeding by such behaviour. But perhaps there may be some impropriety in two being admitted to sup with him. For my own part, I care nothing for his ducks and pease, I can sup upon any thing else you may have in the house; and were it not for the delay, I would order a fresh couple for ourselves; but as Mrs. Manly wants her supper, and the ducks are nearly ready, I think he certainly cannot be so rude as to refuse the company of a lady. Be so good as go again and inform him that I request that she alone may be permitted to partake.

SCENE VI.

The blue Chamber. A Table with the cloth laid.

Joseph. Tol lol de rol di di idy tol. Damn these fellows! Here, landlord! waiter! why the devil don't you bring up supper? If it were not so late in the evening, by Jupiter I would remove my quarters. [*Enter Landlord.*] Well, fellow, why the plague do you came empty handed? Where's the supper?

Landl. 'T is just coming up, sir; but——I beg your pardon for this second interruption; the gentleman has sent me again, to beg the favour that you will admit his lady to supper. As to himself he does not heed, but seems much concerned on her account, and I really believe with reason; for she is, I imagine, in a situation which requires some indulgence. In

consideration, therefore, of the lady's case, I hope I may have the pleasure, sir, of returning with a complaisant answer.

Jos. I thought I had satisfied you sufficiently before. What! do you intend to affront me in positive terms? Either go along about you own business, and send up supper immediately, or I 'll kick you down stairs, and leave your troublesome house, and never set my foot in it again, for I tell you positively, if she were the queen herself, she should not sup with me.

Landl. [*Aside, going out.* Confound the unmannerly fellow; I am ashamed to think I have such a brute in my house.]

SCENE VII.

The Parlour. Mr. and Mrs. MANLY.

Mrs. Manly. I am sorry, my dear, that you should give yourself and the landlord so much trouble upon my account. I own, indeed, that somehow I had set my mind upon those ducks very much; but, you know, I am not accustomed to be very particular.

Mr. Man. 'T' is on that account that I am very solicitous that you should not be disappointed. He must be devoid of every generous and manly sentiment, to refuse a lady. The landlord will presently satisfy us. O here he comes. Well, landlord, I hope you have had better success?

Landl. Quite the contrary, I assure you sir; and it gives me great uneasiness to inform you that his behaviour was more uncivil this time, if possible, than before; and beg you will excuse me mentioning the particulars, for I would not shock your lady's delicacy by a repetition.

Mr. Man. Why, landlord, I confess you surprise me greatly. I am in possession of a fortune ample enough to put me upon a level with the best of company, and was never treated in this manner before. Were this guest of your's any thing of a gentleman, I should resent his behaviour, but I am confident he is not. Pray what kind of looking man is he?

Landl. Why, sir he is very genteely dressed, and is naturally I can perceive of a cheerful disposition, notwithstanding his abominably surly behaviour to me. He had on a very handsome new suit, of which he seemed particularly proud.

Mr. Man. I should like to have a peep at him. Is there not a possibility of procuring a sight of this curiosity, so as not to be seen by him?

Landl. Yes, sir, it may be done. Supper is just going up, I will step before to announce it, and leave the door open while you may gently follow, and take the opportunity.

Mr. Man. Very well, that will do. [*To Mrs. Manly.*] You 'll stay here, my dear, in the interim.

Mrs. Man. Certainly; but do n't be seen by him, lest a quarrel ensue.

Mr. Man. Be under no apprehensions of that nature, for he is too contemptible an object for my resentment. [*Exit, with Landlord.*

SCENE VIII.

JOSEPH *lolling at ease and singing.*

'T is Riders only life enjoy,
they travel through the land;

variety can never cloy,
which pleasures they command.

They take great state upon 'em,
whenever they 're unknown;
yes, love what's magnum bonum,
nor envy kings their crown.

'T is true they 're treated with neglect,
while they remain at home,
but always meet with great respect
whene'er abroad they roam.

Then who would not a Rider be,
to lead a life like this;
from care and pain, and trouble free,
enjoying ev'ry bliss.

There's for you, you parchment-bound 'prentices, ye hen-peck'd husbands, ye gouty-footed drones; get a horse and travel like me from place to place and see the world, live like kings, and sup upon ducks and green pease.

[*Enter* LANDLORD. *Mr.* MANLY *looking in at the door.*

Landl. Sir, I am come to see that all things are in order, for your supper is coming up directly.

Jos. S'blood a nouns, sir, if it does not, I shall be for going down to my supper, for you have been confoundedly tedious about it.

Landl. Sir, I hope you will find it so well done as to make full amends for the delay.

Jos. I shall be glad if it proves so. [*Struts about and sings.*]

Mr. Man. [*Aside.*] I am certainly not deceived! this is Joseph, my rider-out. *Enters.* Ha! Joseph!

what my lord Joseph! my lord Joseph, the ducks and pease man! is it you? is it you? ha! ha! ha! ha!

Jos. Oh! confusion! my master! [*aside, and throwing away his hat.*] Sir, sir,—I—I—I am glad to see you, sir.—Indeed I d—d—did not expect to see you here.

Mr. Man. No, Joseph, I am certain you did not, or you would have conducted yourself a little differently. You have highly offended me, not entirely on my own account, but from finding you behave in a manner so grossly disrespectful to the fair sex. O fie! 't was unmanly, 't was mean. No man of the least humanity, common, sense, or decency would have returned such a rebuff to a civil request. What can you say for yourself in this respect?

Jos. Sir, I truly beg pardon; and assure you if I had had the least notion that it had been you or Mrs. Manly, who had sent the message, I would not have done such a thing for the world.

Mr. Man. That I believe; fear or interest, it seems, can urge you to act becomingly, but to conduct yourself in the rude manner you have done this evening, was infamously wrong. There is no situation can apologize for insolence; no, not even to a slave.

Jos. Sir, the truth is this. I put up here, in a strange place, with a preconcerted intention of enjoying myself a little freely, previous to my return home. In the towns where I had your business to transact, I always conducted myself with propriety, and I hope my accounts will entirely satisfy you when inspected.

Mr. Man. I do n't in the least dispute it. I hope you will have no objection now, to your mistress and myself partaking of your ducks and pease?

Jos. By no means, sir; they are entirely at your service. I can submit to humbler diet in another place, so that I may be reinstated in your favour.

Mr. Man. No, Joseph, no; your know I am not ungenerous. I can suppress my resentment more readily than you raised it. Since you have provided the supper, you shall sit down with us. Go; endeavour to make peace with your mistress, and desire her to come up stairs to supper. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Man. Well, landlord, you seem somewhat surprised at this odd transaction.

Landl. Truly, sir, I cann't say but I am.

Mr. Man. I have always wished that my travellers should make an appearance to do me credit upon their journies; and it is not material to me what pomp they assume at the inns they frequent, provided they be just and punctual in their accounts on their return home. This man has given himself some extraordinary airs, which have produced in the termination a very laughable farce, and it cannot soon be forgotten. He is, notwithstanding this silly and ridiculous specimen of conduct, a very valuable servant, and I have found him uniformly honest, punctual, and regular in his management of business; but take him into the situation of a gentleman, which he has put on for this evening, and he appears, as you have seen, a bullying ape.

Enter Harry.

Sir, the lady begs to be excused coming up, but desires your company below; supper is on the table.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

The Kitchen.

Tom. Ha, ha, ha! I declare this is the finest joke I ever enjoyed! Who do you think, Harry, this pretty spark turns out to be?

Har. Nay, I cann't tell, but I have a shrewd guess that he is no better than we supposed.

Tom. Right, Harry, right. This imcomparable, blustering, hectoring, strutting, ducks and green pease genius is no other than a traveller to the gentleman whom he refused to admit to supper.

Har. Well, who the deuce will ever trust appearances again after this?

Tom. True; but I cannot help laughing to think as how from the highest tip-toe of grandeur, this mighty hero is dwindled into plain Joe, the Newcastle Rider, Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*]

THE DISPUTANTS.

A Grecian and a Venetian had a dispute concerning the different learned men their respective countries could boast of. The Grecian, to prove at once that his country had the preeminence, said, "All or most of the wise men had come out of Greece." "True," said the Venetian, "for we do not find any left."

AN ACCOUNT OF A WONDERFUL GHOST.

The late Dr. Fowler, bishop of Gloucester, and Justice Powell, had frequent altercations on the subject of ghosts. The bishop was a zealous defender of the reality of them; the justice was somewhat sceptical. The bishop one day met his friend, and the justice told him that since their last conference on the subject, he had had ocular demonstration, which had convinced him of the existence of ghosts. "I rejoice at your conversion," replied the bishop; "give me the circumstance which produced it, with all the particulars. Ocular demonstration, you say?" "Yes, my lord; as I lay last night in my bed, about the twelfth hour I was awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs!"—— "Go on, sir." "Fearfully alarmed at the noise, I drew my curtain.——" "Proceed." "And saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber." "Of a blue colour was it not?" interrogated the doctor. "Of a pale blue! and this pale blue light was followed by a tall, meagre, stern figure, who appeared as an old man of seventy years of age, arrayed in a long light-coloured rug gown, bound with a leathern girdle: his beard thick and grisly; his hair scant and straight; his face of a dark sable hue; upon his head a large fur cap; and in his hand a long staff. Terror seized my whole frame. I trembled till the bed verily shook, and cold drops hung upon every limb. The figure advanced with a slow and solemn step." "Did you not speak to it? there was money hid, or murder committed; without doubt," said the bishop. "My lord, I did speak to it; I abjured it by all that was

holy to tell me whence, and for what purpose he thus appeared?" "And in Heaven's name what was the reply?" "Before he deigned to speak, he lifted up his staff three several times, my lord, and he smote the floor, even so loudly that verily the strokes caused the room to reverberate the thundering sound. He then waved the pale blue light which he bore in what is called a lantern, he waved it even to my eyes; and he told me, my lord, he told me that he was, yes, my lord, that he was, not more nor less than——the watchman! who had come to give me notice that my street door was open, and that unless I rose and shut it I might be robbed before morning. The judge had no sooner concluded, than the bishop disappeared.

THREE METHODS OF LESSENING THE NUMBER OF RATS.

1. Introduce them at table as a delicacy. They would probably be savoury food, and if nature had not made them so, the cook may. Rat pye would be as good as rook pye: and four tails intertwisted like the serpents of the delphic tipod, and rising into a spiral obelisk, would crest the crust more fantastically than pigeon's feet. After a while they might be declared *game* by the legislature, which would materially expedite their extirpation. 2. Make use of their fur. Rat-skin robes for the ladies would be beautiful, warm, costly, and new. Fashion requires only the two last qualities; it is hoped the two former would not be objectionable. The importance of such, as a fashion, to our farmers, is obvious. When

our nobles and gentlemen feed their own pigs, perform for a spanish tup, the office of Pandarus of Troy, and provide heifers of great elegance for bulls of acknowledged merit, our ladies may perhaps be induced to receive an addition to their wardrobe from the hands of the rat-catcher for a purpose of less equivocal utility. 3. Inoculate some subjects with the small-pox, or any other infectious disease, and turn them loose. Experiments should first be made, lest the disease should assume in them so new a form as to be capable of being returned to us with interest. If it succeed, man has means in his hand which would thin the hyenas, wolves, jackals, and all gregarious beasts of prey. N. B. If any of our patriotic societies should think proper to award a gold medal, silver cup, or other remuneration for either of these methods, the projector has left his address with the editor.

RARE ARTICLES.

Balthazar Gratian advises travellers to seek for the following rarities, in every country they may visit. A great lord without debts; a prince who was never offended at hearing the truth; a poet who became rich by his muse; an humble Spaniard; a silent Frenchman; a sober German; a chaste widow; a sincere female; a learned man recompensed; a discontented madman; or a true friend. He might have added an honest lawyer, which would, perhaps, be a greater rarity than any of the foregoing.

THE FRENCHMAN'S COMPLIMENT TO DR. JOHNSON.

A French gentleman, who dined in London in company with the celebrated author of the Rambler, wishing to shew him a mark of peculiar respect, drank Dr. Johnson's health in these words; "Your health, Mr. Vagabond."

THE MOTHER OF ASSES AND HER CHILDREN.

The answer to the scholars who met the old woman who was driving her asses, is appropriate. "Good morrow, good mother of asses," said one of them. "Good morrow, good children!" quoth the woman.

THE LADY DOUBLY PAINTED.

"Pray, Madame," said a celebrated painter, to a certain fashionable toast, whilst she was sitting for her picture, "does your ladyship mean to be painted twice over?" The lady, somewhat disconcerted, said, "Sir, I do not understand you." "View the glass, and that painting, and determine whether your rouge is not apparently more artificial than my carmine?" Her ladyship flew down stairs; and, in the violence of perspiration at the discovery, lost a whole ruby cheek, and three blue veins.

REMARKS ON SNUFF-TAKING.

ATTRIBUTED TO EARL STANHOPE.

Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes one minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it. The expence of snuff, snuff boxes, and handkerchiefs, is the subject of other remarks, in which it appears that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker, as it does on his time; and that by a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, a fund might be instituted for the discharge of the national debt.

A SPECIMEN OF FRENCH TRANSLATION.

A Frenchman puzzled with the title of Cibber's play of "Love's last Shift," translated it, "La dernière chemise de l'amour."

HENRY IV, AND THE DEPUTIES.

In mobs, all are desirous to speak; tho' none know how or when to begin. Henry iv, passing through a small town, was met by several deputies, who presented themselves before him in order to compliment him. One of them was proceeding according to his intention, when an ass began to bray loudly. "Gentlemen," said the king, "one at a time, if you please; or I shall not be able to understand any thing."

A LETTER

BY M. DUGARD DE BELLETETE,

a worthy and ingenious Foreigner, who came to reside in London, and who did us the honour to study our Language in the same manner as the most learned men in all ages have studied the Greek and Latin, but who was barbarously and inhospitably treated; for no other reason than because he unluckily understood that Dr. Johnson's Dictionary contained the real and simple meaning of our most common words and terms. This letter was directed to a gentleman of great eminence in the Law, which is as follows, *verbatim et literatim.*

Monsieur,

Me be one Franchéman dat représenté my grievance to you vor de advise. My occupation be to dressé and to frizé de Hairs of de ladies and de jentilmans; and out of de pure affection vor de bon peuple of Englandé, and vor deir grand improvement, and dat dey make de better appearance, me leavé my chere patrie, and come over heré. And me ave at de grand depense made one purchase of de Dictionaire of de Docteur S——l J———n, vor apprendre more facilement, and parlé more justement

and proprement de English Tongué. But dat vilain Dictionaire ave ledé me into ver grand mistaké, and ave goté me kické, cuffé, beaté, and my teet drivé down my troaté; and now me vant to know veder me can ave de action of de law vor my domage against dis Docteur J———n. Ave de patience, Monsieur, and me vill tellé you all my misfortune. Ven me arrivé a Dover, me ave dans ma poche one piece of de fine brussel lacé, as a presant vor ruffle, or oder tings, for my ver good friend Madame la Duchesse of ———. But no sooner me set footé on shoré, but de grand vilain come, and he do searché me, and he take from me my lacé. I aské him, foutre, vat diable be you, and vor vat you robé me? He tellé me, he be one officier of de excise, and he do no more dan his duty. Den I say, foutre, dis be de hateful taxé levied upon de commodité, and you be de vretché hiré by dose to vom excisé be payé. Den he enter in a grand colere, and he striké me, and breaké my headé, jarnie. I tella him, all dat be in de Dictionaire of de Docteur J———n *; but he damn me, and de docteur J———n bot.

Ver well, dus I losé my lacé, and ave my headé broké; and now I go vor Londres in de diligence, and de ver next day go to Monsieur Say, and desiré him to put in de Gazetteer, as one article of nouvelles; dat last nighté arrive from Parie, Monsieur Dugard de Beletête, to dressé and to frizé de hairs of all his ver good friends de noblesse of Englandé, dat he ave his habitation at de gridiron, in Broad St. Giles's, and dat he will vait on de ladies and jentlemans at deir

* *Excise.* A hateful tax levied upon Commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid. Johnson's Dictionary.

own housé. But Monsieur Say tella me, ver civillement dat he must ave de money from me, vor dat de gouvernment chargé to himé, and make him payé. Den I tella him, I see it be ver true vat Docteur J———n say of you †, Dat you be one bougre of de utmost infamie, and dat you be one vretché hiré to justifie de cour. Mousieur Say demandé of me, vor vat I affronté him in his own housé. Den I draw my sordé vor my propre defence, but Monsieur Say také my sordé from me begar, and break it over my headé, and den he and his diable kické me down staire jarnie. After dis, to refreshé and recruité my spirit, I go to one beer-house, and do callé vor one coup of liqueur, and do enter into conversation vit one jentleman dat was fuming his pipé at de fireside, and dis jentleman ave but one eye, one legé, and one armé. And de grand contestation and de ver high vordé arise about de gloire of de grand monarche, and of de Franché nation, and de jentleman demandé of me, vat I be? I tella him, I be one Marquis of France, and one Chevalier of de order of St. Louis; and den demandé of himé, vat be you? and he tella me, dat he be one lieutenant of one man of var, dat he lose one eye at Cape Breton, one armé in the combat vit Monsieur Conflans, and one legé at Martinique, and dat he live at present on his half pay, and dat he ave, beside, one small pension of tirty livre sterlin a year. Den I say to him; jan foutre, I be my own matré, but you he one slave hiré to obey your matré; Docteur J———n tella me so *, and

† *Gazetteer.* It was lately a term of the utmost infamy, being usually applied to wretches that were hired to vindicate the Court. Ibid.

* *Pension.* An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country. *Pensioner.* A slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his Master. Ibid

dat you be one traitre to your country begar. De jentleman say noting, but vit his stumpé knocké me down, and drivé tree of my teet down my troaté. Ver vell, all dis ver well. I lie one mont in my bedé, and ven I be recovré, I see one morning one avertissement vor de consumers of oats, to meet togeder at de Sun-Tavern, Cheapside, to consulté on deir special affairé. I consult de grand Dictionaire of dis Docteur J———n, and I see dat oats be de food of de horsé in Englandé, but of de peuple in Scotlandé *. Le diable, say I to myself, do de English horsé and de Scottishmans meet and drinké togeder in dis country! Begar I vill go see dis mervielle. Vell, I go to de caberet at de hour, and see ver few Scottishmans, and ver many Englishmans, but not one horsé nor one maré. I vait long time, and at last I say to some, dat I tought vere Englishmans, by deir broad facé and deir great belly: Vat jentlemens be all your horsé sické, or take physické, dat you come here in deir place, and be de representative of de horsé? But dey tinké I do affronté dem, and dey d—n my eyes, and kické me, and cuffé me, and bruisé me so, dat I be took up for deadé, and do keep my bedé eversincé. But, monsieur my apoticaire tella me, dat dis Docteur J———n, be himself, ten timé one greater slavé to his matré, and ten timé one greater traitré to his country dan de lieutenant of de ship of var vit one eye, one armé, one legé; vor dat he ave got one pension of tree hundred livre sterlin a year, vor de vriting of de nonsense and de grand stuffé; vereas de poor lieutenant dat losé one half of himselfé, in de service of his country, ave got but tirty. Derefore,

* *Oats.* A grain which, in England, is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people. Ibid.

monsieur, mon cher ami, I beseecha you to filé one billé in chancery against dis said Docteur S——l J———n, vor dat he, vit his vilain Dictionaire, vilfully and vit malice propense, ave cheaté, deceivé, and abusé me so, dat I ave got my headé and sordé, broké, my teet knocké down my troaté, and myself so kické, cuffé, and brusé, dat I keep my bedé, and ave losé all my time and bus'nessé; and dat you will obligé him, de said Docteur S——l J———n, to make compensation sufficient to me, vor all my domage, out of de pay givé to himé, as hireling of de state vor treason to his country and to demandé my pardon in the publique papier, and likevise to make de necessaire changé in his Dictionaire.

I ave de honeur to be,
vit all respect possible,
Monsieur, your very humble serviteur,
DUGARD DE BELLETETE.

From "Lexiphanes, a Dialogue, in imitation of Lucian."

EPITAPH IN LINCOLN CHURCH.

IN MEMORY OF DAVID FLETCHER,

Smith to this Church, who died Feb. 14, 1744. Aged 74 years.

My sledge and hammer lie reclin'd,
my bellows too have lost their wind;
my fire's extinguish'd, forge decay'd;
and in the dust my vice is laid;
my coal is spent; my iron gone;
the last nail's driven, my work is done.

AN EPISTLE FROM T. H.

TO SIR HANS SLOANE, BART.

Since you, dear Doctor, sav'd my life,
by turns to bless and curse my wife;
in conscience I 'm oblig'd to do,
what your commands enjoin'd me to:
according then to your command,
that I should search the western land,
and send you all that I can find
of curious things of every kind;
I 've ravag'd air, earth, sea, and caverns,
wine, women, children, tombs and taverns;
and greater rarities can shew
than Gresham's children ever knew;
which carrier Dick shall bring you down,
next time the waggon comes to town.

First, I have drops of the same shower
which Jove in Danæ's lap did pour;
from Carthage brought, the sword I 'll send
that help'd queen Dido to her end:
the snake-skin, which, you may believe,
the serpent cast who tempted Eve;
a fig-leaf apron, 't is the same
which Adam wore to hide his shame,
but now wants darning; sir, beside,
the jaw by which poor Abel died;
a whetstone worn exceeding small,
which Time hath whet his teeth withal.
The pigeon stuft, which Noah sent
to tell which way the waters went.
A ring I 've got of Sampson's hair,
the same which Dalilah did wear.
St. Dunstan's tongs, as story goes,
that pinch'd the Devil by the nose.

The very shaft, as all may see,
which Cupid shot at Antony:
and, what beyond them all I prize,
a glance of Cleopatra's eyes.
Some strains of eloquence which hung,
in Roman times, on Tully's tongue;
which long conceal'd and lost had lain,
till Cowper found them out again!
Then I 've (most curious to be seen)
a scorpion's bite to cure the spleen.
As Moore cures worms in stomach bred,
I 've pills cure maggots in the head;
with the receipt how you may make 'em,
to you I leave the time to take 'em.
I 've got a ray of Phœbus' shine,
found in the bottom of a mine;
a lawyer's conscience, large and clear,
fit for a judge himself to wear.
I 've choice of nostrums how to make
an oath which churchmen will not take.
In a thumb-vial you shall see,
close-stopp'd, some drops of honesty:
which, after searching kingdoms round,
at last was in a cottage found.
I ha' n't collected any care,
of that there's plenty every where:
but, after wondrous labour spent,
I 've got three grains of rich content.
It is my wish, it is my glory,
to furnish your nicknacatory:
I only beg, that when you shew 'em;
you 'll fairly tell to whom you owe 'em;
which will your future patients teach
to do, as has done, your's T. H.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

BY MRS. THRALE.

The tree of deepest root is found
least willing still to quit the ground;
't was therefore said, by ancient sages,
that love of life increas'd with years
so much, that in our latter stages,
when pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
the greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
which all confess, but few perceive,
if old assertions cann't prevail,
be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
on neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
with him into another room;
and looking grave, 'You must,' says he,
'quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'—
With you? and quit my Susan's side?
with you?' the hapless husband cry'd:
'young as I am? 'T is monstrous hard!
besides, in truth, I 'm not prepar'd:
my thoughts on other matters go,
this is my wedding-night, you know.'
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
his reasons could not well be stronger;
so Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
and left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
his hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
'neighbour,' he said, 'farewell; no more

shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
and farther, to avoid all blame
of cruelty upon my name,
to give you time for preparation,
and fit you for your future station,
three several Warnings you shall have,
before you 're summon'd to the grave:
willing for once I 'll quit my prey,
and grant a kind reprieve;
in hopes you 'll have no more to say
but when I call again this way,
well pleas'd the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
and parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befel,
how long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
how roundly he pursu'd his course,
and smoak'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
the willing muse shall tell:
he chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
nor thought of Death as near;
his friends not false, his wife no shrew,
many his gains, his children few,
he pass'd his hours in peace:
but while he view'd his wealth increase,
while thus along Life's dusty road
the beaten track content he trod,
old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
as all alone he sate,
th' unwelcome messenger of Fate

once more before him stood.
Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
'so soon return'd?' old Dobson cries.
'So soon, d'ye call it?' Death replies:
'surely, my friend, you 're but in jest!
since I was here before
't is six-and-thirty years, at least,
and you are now fourscore.'
'So much the worse,' the clown rejoin'd;
'to spare the aged would be kind:
however, see your search be legal;
and your authority— is 't regal?
else you are come on a fool's errand,
with but a Secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
which I have look'd for nights and mornings!
but for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages.'
'I know,' cries Death, 'that, at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
but do n't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you 'd still be able
to stump about your farm and stable;
your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, tho', of your strength!'
'Hold,' says the farmer, 'not so fast,
I have been lame these four years past.'
'And no great wonder,' Death replies;
'however, you still keep your eyes;
and sure, to see one's loves and friends,
for legs and arms would make amends.'
'Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might,
but latterly I 've lost my sight.'
'This is a a shocking story, faith;

yet there's some comfort still,' says Death:
'each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news.'
'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay, then!' the spectre stern rejoin'd,
these are unjustifiable yearnings;
if you be Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
you 've had your Three sufficient Warnings.
So come along, no more we'll part:'
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
and now, old Dobson turning pale,
yields to his fate; so ends my tale.

AN EPITAPH ON DR. MONSEY.

Supposed to have been written by himself.

Here lie my old bones, my vexations now ends,
I 've liv'd much to long for myself and my friends.
As for church-yards and grounds which the parsons
call holy,
't is a rank piece of priestcraft; and founded in folly;
in short, I despise them; and as for my soul,
which may mount the last day with my bones from
this hole,
I think it has really nothing to fear.
from the God of mankind, whom I truly revere.
What the next world may be, little troubles my pate,
if not better than this, I beseech thee, O Fate!
when the bodies of millions rise up in a riot,
to let the old carcase of Monsey lie quiet.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

addressed to two Ladies,

BY MISS MARTIN, OF CONGLETON.

Dear girls! for I hope you believe me your friend,
(and trust me, to both my good wishes extend)
you 'll not be offended, but take in good part
the Cure I now send for complaints of the heart;
for, however deficient in medical skill,
and unvers'd in the science of powder and pill,
my recipe 's good, never likely to fail,
and I ardently hope in your case 't will avail.
A portion of Absence must first be apply'd,
and this, it appears, you have prudently try'd,
I hope with success; but, for fear of the worst,
I send the prescription I hinted at first.

Take of good Common-sense, just ten grains, 't will suffice,
if the malady only began at the eyes;
but when at the ear the disorder commences,
(and it mostly begins it's attack on the senses)
the cure, tho' still certain, perhaps may be slow,
but patience and time will do wonders, you know.
In this case, I 'd have you proceed as before;
then add a full ounce of Discretion or more;
a dram of Reflection; too much might do harm,
and injure the compound by making it warm.
And as for a cooler this med'cine is meant,
I wish you could add a few drops of Content,
but this is a balsam, so rich and so rare,
perhaps to obtain it you both may despair.
The first nam'd ingredient, if properly mix'd,
(unless the complaint be irremoveably fix'd)
will act as a charm, and in time will produce

the balm of Content, pure and ready for use.
'T is this gives relief in most desperate cases,
but no very bad symptoms appear'd in your faces,
for where there is imminent danger suspected
the risable muscles are never affected.
Now your's appear'd perfectly free from constraint,
which makes me suppose I mistook the complaint.
Laugh on then, dear girls! may you never grow stupid,
and thus you will still bid defiance to Cupid.

ON A LADY WEARING A FEATHER IN HER HAIR.

If Laura but wear it, a feather can charm;
ah! who can be safe if a feather can harm?
Since first I beheld it, the life I have led!
all quiet and ease with that feather are fled.
Youth fly from my Laura, whoever thou art,
and, warn'd by the Feather, beware of the Dart.

EPIGRAM FROM RUFINUS.

Three nymphs, who of beauty disputed the prize,
agreed to appeal to the test of my eyes;
the judgment of Paris occurr'd to my mind,
who to power and wisdom by love was made blind;
I told them in neither a fault I could see,
I call'd each a goddess, and crown'd them all three.

ON A COMPANY OF BAD DANCERS TO GOOD MUSIC.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
so Orpheus fiddl'd, and so danc'd the brutes.

PROLOGUE TO BARBAROSSA;

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

in the character of a Country Boy.

Measter! measter!——————
is not my measter here among you, pray?
nay speak—my measter wrote this fine new play——
the actor-folks are making such a clatter!
they want the pro-log—I know nought o' th' matter;
he must be there among you—look about——
a weezen pale-fac'd mon—do find him out.
Pray, measter, come, or all will fall to sheame;
call Mister—hold—I must not tell his neame.
La! what a crowd is here! what noise and pother!
fine lads and lasses! one o' top o' t' other.
[Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.
I could for ever here with wonder gaze;
I ne'er saw church so full, in all my days!—
Your servant, sirs—What do you laugh for, eh?
you donna take me sure for one o' th' play?
you should not flout an honest country lad;
you think me fool, and I think you half mad:
you 're all as strange as I, and stranger too;
and, if you laugh at me, I 'll laugh at you.
[Laughing.
I donna like your London tricks, not I;
and, since you' ve rais'd my blood, I 'll tell you why:
and, if you wull, since now I am before ye,
for want of pro-log, I 'll relate my story.
I came from country here to try my fate,
and get a place among the rich and great:
but troth I 'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en;
I like it not—would I were whoame again!

First, in the city I took up my station,
and got a place with one o' th' corporation.
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal;
zooks! he 'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
but long with him I could not make abode,
for, could you think 't? he eat a great sea toad!
it came from *Indies*—'t was as big as me;
he call'd it *belly-patch*, and *cap-a-pee:*
la! how I star'd! I thought, who knows, but I,
for want of monsters, may be made a pye?
rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I 'll back to whome and country fare again.
I left toad-eater; then I serv'd a lord;
and there they promis'd! but ne'er kept their word.
While 'mong the great this geaming work the trade is,
they mind no more poor servants—than their ladies.

A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
hir'd me forthwith, but, troth, I thought her mad.
She turn'd the world top-down, as I may say;
she chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
she wore her gear so short, so low her stays—
fine folks shew all for nothing, now-a-days!

Now I 'm the poet's mon; I find with wits
there's nothing sartain; nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender, what of that?
there are but three on's, measter, I, and cat;
did you but see us all, as I 'm a sinner,
you'd scarcely say which of the three is thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece;
but should you find that all our swans are geese!
'efeck, I 'll trust no more to measter's brain,
but pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

ON A WHOLE LENGTH PICTURE OF

MR. NASH,

between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton, and Mr. Pope, in the Rooms at Bath.

BY LORD CHESTREFIELD.

Immortal Newton never spoke
more truth than here you 'll find;
nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
more cruel on mankind.

The picture plac'd the busts between
gives satire all it's strength:
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
but Folly at full length.

SENT WITH A BOUQUET,

To a Lady.

BY THE UNFORTUNATE JOSEPH GERRALD.

Tho' from thy bank of velvet borne,
hang not, fair flower, thy drooping crest;
Maria's bosom thou shalt find
the softest, sweetest bed of rest.

Tho' from mild Zephyr's kiss no more
ambrosial balms thou shalt inhale,
her gentle breath, whene'er she sighs,
shall fan thee with a purer gale.

And be thou thankful for that bliss
for which in vain a thousand burn;
and, as thou stealest sweets from her,
give back thy choicest in return.

THE THRIVING TRADESMEN.

When a couple of broom-men had chatted one day
on a number of things in a sociable way,
a new subject they started: says Jack, 'My friend Joe,
I have long been most plaguily puzzled to know
how you manage to sell your brooms cheaper than
as I *steal* the materials.' 'I like your design,' [mine,
replied Jack; 'but improvement's the soul of a trade:
all the brooms I dispose of, I *steal ready made*.

AN INSCRIPTION ON INSCRIPTIONS.

The following lines were written on seeing a farrago of rhimes which had been scribbled with a diamond on the window of an inn.

Ye who on windows thus prolong your shames,
and to such arrant nonsense sign your names;
the diamond quit, with me the pencil take,
so shall your shame but short duration make;
for lo! the house-maid comes, in dreadful pet,
with red right hand, and with a dishclout wet,
dashes out all, nor leaves a wreck to tell
who 't was that *wrote so ill!* and *lov'd so well!*

AN EPITAPH.

BY MRS. MONK.

On this marble drop a tear,
here lies fair Rosalind;
all mankind were pleas'd with her,
and she with all man kind.

ORTHODOX ADVICE.

BY W. TAYLOR.

Quoth John, to his teacher, good sir, if you please,
I would beg your advice in a difficult case;
't is a weighty concern, that may hold one for life;
't is, in short, the old story of taking a wife.
There's a pair of young damsels I 'm proffer'd to mar-
and whether to choose puts me in a quandary: [ry,
they 're alike as to age, fam'ly, fortune, and feature,
only one has more *grace* and the other *good-nature*.

As for that, says the teacher, good-nature and love,
and sweetness of temper are gifts from above,
and as coming from thence we should give 'em their
yet *grace* is a superior blessing, 't is true. [due;

Ay, sir, I remember an excellent serment,
wherein all along you gave *grace* the preferment.
I shall never forget it, as how you were telling,
that heaven resided where grace had it's dwelling.

Why John, quoth the teacher, that's true: but,
what heaven can do is quite out of the case; [alas,
for by day and by night, with the woman you wed,
't is you that must board, and 't is you that must bed;
and a *good-natur'd* girl may quickly grow *gracious*,
but a sour-headed saint will be ever vexatious.

EPIGRAM, BY DR. DARWIN,

Imitated from Martial.

Wine, women, warmth, against our lives combine,
but what is life without warmth, women, wine?

A SMART REPARTEE.

Cries Syvia, to a reverend Dean,
what reason can be given,
(since marriage is a holy thing)
that there are none in heaven?

There are no women, he replied.
She quickly turn'd the jest;
Women there are, but I 'm afraid
they cannot find a priest.

ON A MARBLE MONUMENT

being erected to the Memory of the Author of Hudibras, in Westminster Abbey.

BY THE REV. SAM. WESLEY.

While Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
no generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shewn,
he ask'd for *bread*, and he receiv'd a *stone!*

THE VOW.

I lov'd thee when both beautiful and kind,
and plighted an eternal vow:
but ah! so alter'd are thy face and mind,
't were perjury to love thee now.

THE MISER'S FEAST.

His chimney smokes! it is some omen dire!
his neighbowrs are alarm'd; and cry out, Fire!

EPITAPH ON LITTLE STEPHEN,

a noted Fiddler, in Suffolk.

Stephen and Time are now both even;
Stephen beat Time, now Time's beat Stephen.

EPITAPH

on an old Woman, who kept a Potter's shop in the city of Chester.

Beneath this stone lies Catharine Gray,
chang'd from a busy life to lifeless clay.
By earth and clay she gain'd her pelf,
and now she's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends! let me advise;
abate your grief, and dry your eyes,
for what avails a flood of tears?
who knows, but in a run of years,
in some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
she in her shop may be again?

A FRAGMENT OF CHAUCER.

BY J. H. ESQ;

Right wele of lerned clerkis is it sed,
that womenhud for mannis' use is made;
but naughty man liketh not one, or so,
he lusteth aye unthirftily for mo;
and whom he whilome cherished, when tied
by holy church he cannot her abide.
Like unto dog which lighteth of a bone,
his tail he waggeth, glad therefore y-grown,
but thilke same bone if to his tail thou tye,
pardie, he fearing it away doth fly.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

A Tale.

BY JOHN BYROM, M. A.

Tale——that will raise the question, I suppose,
what can the meaning be, of three black Crows?
It is a London story, you must know,
and happen'd, as they say, some time ago.
The meaning of it custom would suppress,
till at the End——but, come, nevertheless,
tho' it may vary from the use of old,
to tell the moral till the tale be told,
we'll give a hint, for once, how to apply
the meaning first, and hang the tale thereby.

People full oft, are put into a pother,
for want of understanding one another:
and strange amusing stories creep about,
that come to nothing if you trace them out;
lies of the day, or month perhaps, or year,
that serve their purpose, and then disappear;
from which meanwhile, disputes of ev'ry size,
that is to say misunderstandings rise;
the springs of ill, from bickering up to battle,
from wars and tumults, down to tittle-tattle.
Such as, for instance, for we need not roam
far off to find them, but come nearer home;
such, as befall by sudden misdivining,
on cuts, on coals, on boxes, and on signing:*

* Alluding to some local matters, then in agitation at Manchester, particularly an application to parliament to destroy the custom of grinding wheat at the School Mills.

it may, at least it should, correct a zeal
that hurts the public, or the private weal,
by eager giving of too rash assent,
to note how meanings, that were never meant,
will fly about, like so many black crows,
of that same breed of which the story goes.

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,
one took the other, briskly by the hand;
"Hark-ye," said he, 'tis an odd story this
about the crows!" "I don't know what it is,"
replied his friend. "No! I'm surprised at that;
where I come from it is the common chat:
but you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!
and that it happen'd, they are all agreed:
not to detain you from a thing so strange,
a gentleman, that lives not far from Change,
this week, in short, as all the alley knows,
taking a puke, has thrown up three black Crows."

"Impossible!" "Nay, but it's really true;
I have it from good hands, and so may you."
"From whose, I pray? So having nam'd the man,
straight to enquire his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell"— (relating the affair)
"Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,
ask Mr. Such a-one, he told it me;
but, by the bye, 'twas two black Crows, not three."

Resolv'd to trace so wond'rous an event,
whip, to the third, the virtuoso went.
"Sir"—and so forth—"Why yes; the thing is fact,
tho', in regard to number, not exact;
it was not two black Crows, 't was only one,
the truth of that you may depend upon.
The gentleman himself told me the case."
"Where may I find him?" Why, in such a place.

Away goes he, and having found him out,
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referr'd,
and begg'd to know, if true what he had heard;
"Did you, sir, throw up a black Crow?" "Not I."
"Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
black Crows have been thrown up, three, two & one;
and here, I find, all comes at last to none!
Did you say nothing of a Crow at all?"
"Crow——Crow——perhaps I might, now I recall
the matter over." "And pray sir what was't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
something that was——as black, sir, as a Crow!"

THE COUNTRY FELLOWS AND THE ASS.

BY THE SAME.

A country fellow and his son, they tell
in modern fables, had an ass to sell:
for this intent they turn'd it out to play,
and fed so well, that by the destin'd day,
they brought the creature into sleek repair,
and drove it gently to a neighb'ring fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural class
was heard to say, "Look! look there at that ass!
and those two blockheads, trudging on each side,
that have not either of 'em, sense to ride;
asses all three!" and thus the country folks
on man and boy, began to cut their jokes.

Th' old fellow minded nothing that they said,
but ev'ry word stuck in the young one's head;
and thus began their comment thereupon.

"Ne'er heed 'em lad." "Nay, father, do get on,"
"Not I indeed." "Why then, let me, I pray,"
"Well do: and see, what prating tongues will say."
The boy was mounted; and they had not got
much farther on, before another knot,
just as the ass was pacing by, pad, pad,
cried, "O! that lazy looby of a lad!
how unconcernedly the gaping brute
lets the poor aged fellow walk a foot."

Down came the son, on hearing this account,
and begg'd and pray'd and made his father mount:
till a third party, on a farther stretch,
"See! see!" exclaim'd, "that old hard hearted wretch!
how like a justice there he sits, or squire;
while the poor lad keeps wading through the mire.
"Stop," cried the lad, still deeper vex'd in mind,
"stop, father; stop; let me get on behind."
Thus done, they thought they certainly should please,
escape reproaches, and be both at ease;
for having tried each practicable way,
what could be left for jokers now to say?

Still disappointed, by succeeding tone,
"Hark ye, you fellows! Is that ass your own?
Get off, for shame! Or one of you at least;
you both deserve to carry the poor beast;
ready to drop down upon the road,
with such an huge unconscionable load."

On this they both dismounted; and, some say,
contriv'd to carry, like a truss of hay,
the ass between 'em; prints, they add are seen,
with man and lad, and slinging ass between:
others omit that fancy in the print,
as over-straining an ingenious hint.

The copy that we follow, says, The man

rubb'd down his ass, and took to his first plan;
walk'd to the fair, and sold him, got his price,
and gave his son this pertinent advice:
"let talkers talk; stick thou to what is best;
to think of pleasing all, is all a jest."

THE BEAU AND BEDLAMITE.

BY THE SAME.

A patient in Bedlam, who did pretty well,
was permitted sometimes to go out of his cell:
one day when they gave him that freedom, he spy'd
a beauish young spark with a sword by his side;
with a huge silver hilt, and a scabbard for steel,
which swung at due length from his hip to his heel.

When he saw him advance on the gallery ground,
the bedlamite ran and view'd him all round;
while a waiter suppress'd the young captain's alarm,
with "You need not to fear, sir, he'll do you no harm."

At last he broke out, "Aye, a very fine show!
may I ask you one question?" "What's that?" said the beau.
"Pray, what is that long, dangling, cumbersome thing,
which you seem to be ty'd to, with ribband and string?"
"Why that is my sword." "And what is it to do?"
"Kill mine enemies master, by running them through."
"Kill your enemies! kill a fool's head of your own,
they 'll die of themselves, if you'll let them alone."

ON MIDAS'S ART.

BY THE SAME.

Midas, they say, possess'd the art of old,
of turning whatsoe'er he touch'd to gold;
this, modern statesmen can reverse with ease;
touch them with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

THE MANCHESTER MILLERS,
named Bone and Skin.

BY THE SAME.

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
would starve us all, or near it;
but be it known to Skin and Bone
that flesh and blood can n't bear it.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
"Like Samson, I my thousands slay;"
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
and with the self-same weapon too."

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ERRATUM.

Page 13, line 2, for *which* read *while*.

G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

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